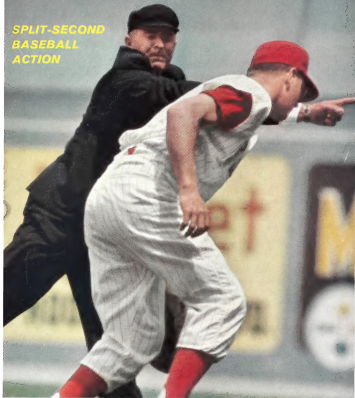


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Occidental Life

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Next week

From Olympia Fields Country Club near Chicago, a report by Allied Wright on Arnold Palmer's quest for the only major golf title he has never won: the PGA championship.

Two vivid color pictures show the wonders of national parks to be; and some good advice on how to get the most enjoyment out of a park visit is proffered by a former U.S. ranger.

Robert Cartwell introduces Lisa Lane, chess champion extraordinary, who combines intelligence and talent with a feminine beauty never before seen in that venerable game.



SCORECARD

LIFE IN THE OLD DOG

President Kennedy last week urged that schools follow these recommendations made by the National Council on Youth Fitness: to give special training to physically underdeveloped kids; to provide all pupils with a daily minimum of 15 minutes of vigorous exercise; to rate the abilities of schoolchildren and to gauge their progress. This is a matter of high importance, said the President—as he had first said in this magazine (SI, Dec. 26, 1960)—and, of course, we agree.

We also agree with a good deal—but not all—that is said in this issue by the director of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, George Manger (see page 28). Manger complains that Europeans pay more attention to their children's fitness than we do. Of course, he is more concerned with the rank and file than with athletic champions, but just the same we'd like to draw your attention to a report by Roy Terrell (see page 12), who accompanied the U.S. track and field team to Moscow, Stuttgart and London. The best that the Soviet, German and British fitness programs could produce were not good enough to beat our boys, who won all three meets. So let's save a cheer for the flower of our youth, which evidently is not yet totally decrepit.

VOICE OF THE REDS

Waite Hoyt, a 23-game winner for the Yankees in 1928 and for the past 20 years the baseball voice of Cincinnati, is a pleasant change from many of its radio-TV colleagues. Hoyt never gives you the phony vocal dramatics, he seems to know what he is talking about and he delivers it in an easy, folksy manner. He uses the appreciative past tense in describing the action instead of the hysterical present (Robinson slid, rather than slides, into second). Listeners appreciate this and they enjoy his anecdotes, collected over a 21-year major league career.

When rain interrupts play, Hoyt talks baseball and tells stories, and people keep their radios turned on. One of his favorite subjects is Babe Ruth. The day Ruth died, his station called Hoyt in

and he reminisced for three hours about his former teammate.

Hoyt's affection for baseball does not keep him from occasional sharp comment. "It's remarkable," he said recently, "the control some of these pitchers acquire when they suddenly are giving an intentional base on balls." A practice he frowns on is the manager-pitcher confab during a game. When Leo Durocher managed the Giants, he asked Hoyt with his frequent trips out to the mound. Hoyt summed up one of Leo's games with, "Well, the Giants won—by two runs and 12 conferences."

TIME TO SPARE

Frank Mazzei went bowling in Roslindale, Mass. one day last week. He bowled steadily for 110 hours and 30 minutes and claimed a new marathon world record. Mazzei, 24 and an ex-Navy man,



is ambidextrous; he bowled both righty and lefty, and he stayed awake six days and nights on his marathon. Furthermore, he bowled rather well. He knocked down a total of 120,209 pins, made 115 strikes, 2,903 spares, had a high single game of 216 and his average was 119.

During his spree, Mazzei dropped 30 pounds from his 220-pound frame and his waist shrank from 40 to 36 inches. His feet, however, got bigger and big-

ger; he went from a size 10½ shoe to a size 13. He wore out eight pairs of socks, three pairs of shoes and two scorekeepers. He used up six bottles of skin lotion on his hands. Yards of bandages and adhesive tape were wound around his feet, legs and fingers. "I developed some bruises," he said, "but no cuts."

Every hour he took a 15-minute break to pee on lotion and eat. "I was in a trance at times," he said. "The second night and the third day were the hardest. But I was still picking up splits on the sixth day." When he stopped he slept for four hours on a cot at the aliens, then went home and slept 12 more.

One of his prizes was a year's free bowling.

NOW THE ABL

The newest professional sports association, the American Basketball League, plans its debut this fall, with eight teams stretching from Pittsburgh to Honolulu. Players and coaches are being signed to contracts (some through raids on the established National Basketball Association), schedules are being drawn up, press agents are pouring pressroom baloney into newspaper offices.

It is, however, difficult to take the new league seriously. The ABL was organized by Abe Saperstein, the voluble, energetic promoter and originator of the Harlem Globetrotters. Saperstein owns the ABL's Chicago franchise and he is also the league commissioner. This is an impossible situation—as if Charlie Finley could function properly as owner of the Kansas City Athletics and baseball commissioner at well. Over a 15-year period now, the NBA has demonstrated that, aside from team salaries, travel costs are by far the largest item of expense in the operation of a pro basketball team. This was true even when the NBA's teams were concentrated in the eastern half of the country; it is true today and some NBA teams are still struggling to meet those expenses. The new league is scattered over 5,000 miles; the travel costs over a five-month season will be staggering. The NBA, with established stars like Bob Cousy and Bill Sharman, also discovered its salvation was the money it was able to persuade NBC to pay for television rights. Even today, when more than \$500,000 of TV money are split among the eight teams each season, a few like Detroit and Cincinnati have trouble balancing their books. The ABL has no television commitments. It will have difficulty getting any without top-grade players, *continued*

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the face of competition not only from the NBA, but, in the first half of the season, from pro and college football.

Suspstein's creation would seem to have little hope of success. He is, however, a superb salesman, an indefatigable hunter, the man who took a group of so-so Negro athletes, named them the Globetrotters and made them a prime attraction from Moscow to Hollywood. We wish him luck.

OD PAR, PAT CASH

These are tough times for the pro football scout—mainly because of the rivalry between the AFL and the NFL. Recently some scouts and coaches from both leagues were hoisting a few in a Buffalo bar and commiserating about what has become a sellers' market. "Checks aren't any good any more," said a scout. "The big thing for the kids is the dough they can lay their mitts on. And teenagers are better than fifties—a bigger bundle to hold." Everyone nodded, and for the moment the AFL and NFL were in total agreement. "Pay them everything they ask the first time," advised a coach. "Don't haggle. Every successive visit costs you more."

The talk turned to the way more and more pro teams, looking for a fresh advantage, are hiring college coaches to their sub rosa scouting staffs despite NCAA disapproval. "The head coach takes a pious attitude," a scout said wryly, "but the assistant coaches are cooperative." "But don't ever send the check to his office," cautioned a colleague. The group clinked glasses.

A scout for the Houston Oilers told of a shattering experience. "When Mike Ditka of Pitt went to Honolulu to play in the Hula Bowl, I was planning to go to Hawaii also, just to remind him to stop off in Houston on his way home. But I was talked out of the trip, he flew from Hawaii to Chicago instead, and the Bears got him." "These days," sighed a coach, "you've got to be ready to go anywhere and pay anything." The group clinked glasses on that too.

BETTER HOMES AND SAND TRAPS

Golf and suburbia are being squeezed ever more tightly into the shrinking Lebensraum around our cities and they are apparently learning how to coexist. Perhaps the opportunity to fall out of one's house onto a course for a fast nine or 18 holes compensates homeowners to

some extent for the bombardment of rocks and the splintering of picture windows by hookers and slicers. However, there remains a few dissenters, and one of them, a Rye, N.Y., movie executive, took his case to the State Supreme Court the other day. His house happens to be 20 feet beyond a green that has traps in front and a high bank behind it, encouraging golfers to overshoot. Admittedly in a unique position, the movie executive complained that so many golf balls showered down on his property—especially wood shots, because this is a long hole—that his 3-year-old daughter could be allowed out of the house only if she held her hands clasped over her head, while her baby sister, if unaccompanied, was not allowed out of the house at all. When the children were in the yard, complainant or his wife had to hang around near by to listen for the thrash of club meeting ball and then scan the skies for the missile.

Under a settlement arranged by lawyers for both sides, the club agreed to put up a fence 45 feet long and 20 feet high, plant eight large trees (for filter protection) and supply screens to shield the windows.

Since he bought the house in April, the movie executive has collected more than 40 golf balls that plunked onto his property. Oddly, not a single golfer has asked to play out from the yard.

AGING PRODIGIES

Samuel Reshevsky, who has been playing chess fairly steadily since 1917, is currently engaged in what its sponsors call "the most eagerly anticipated event in U.S. chess." He is playing a 16-game match with Bobby Fischer, aged 18, the U.S. champion, who started to play seriously around 1951, or some 34 years after Reshevsky. To forestall any agitated queries about the outcome, it should be said at once that there is no hurry—the match will last until nearly the end of August.

Whether or not there was an overwhelming public clamor for it, the match was certainly eagerly anticipated by Reshevsky. Ever since Fischer edged him out of his place as the best American player in 1958, Reshevsky has been arguing match play rather than tournaments as a true test of comparative ability. Before he and Fischer began playing last week, they had met six times in various tournaments, each winning one game with four drawn.

When they settled down to the first

FACES IN THE CROWD



DAWN BROWN, 23, computer operator at Trenton, N.J., walked seven miles in 45 minutes for a fourth straight year in the 50th Annual Run or Skate at Trenton, N.J., to raise money for the American Red Cross.



BOB SEVIER, 41, won the 1961 Gold Coast powerboat marathon race at Miami, Fla., in 17 hours and 55 minutes, covering the 124 miles in record 77.58 mph.



NINI KAMEN of Brooklyn, N.Y., won the women's custom clay court tennis championship at Purchase, N.Y., by defeating Sally Wilson of Scarsdale, N.Y., 6-3, 6-4, 4-6, 6-3.



DICK BIKES, University of Arkansas golfer, gave his partner credit for victory in Amateur Public Links golf at the municipal Backhaus course in Detroit, defeating John Makela, a junior at Detroit Tech, 4 and 3, in the 36-hole final round.



MARY REVELL, 25, C&D dental technician, freight carrier, and nurse, won the 1961 Michigan State Chess Championship at Mackinac Island, Mich., by defeating the runner-up, 7 and 5.



TOM CURTIS, 14, of Wingham, Mass., won the 1961 National Junior Golf Championship at Falmouth, Me., with 71½ points, 2½ points more than second-place John Lally of Wierthrop, Mass.

game in the current series in Manhattan, Reshevsky looked fit, calm, unburned and even a little eager and excited. Normally he plays with exasperating slowness, but this time he was quick and aggressive, making it transparently plain that the occasion was a major one for him. He played the kind of chess that has made him a world figure since he was 8 years old, thrifily hoarding minute advantages that become consequential in the end game, while Fischer seemed stunned by his intensity. Reshevsky was decisive. The second game was turnabout. Fischer had the older prodigy looking as dazed as he himself had looked the day before, and he won in 38 moves. They were both by then at top form, wary but aggressive, so the outcome was predictable: they drew the next game. After one more New York encounter, they are going to Los Angeles to play the next eight games, after which they will return to New York for the final four.

The odds now favor Fischer, because he can play Reshevsky's cautious kind of chess better than Reshevsky can play Fischer's daring and adventurous sort. The high caliber of the chess suggests that the match should have been held long ago. It is doing both these hardened infant prodigies a lot of good.

NO DEAL

The proposed purchase of a controlling interest in Roosevelt Raceway by the owners of Yorktown Raceway has now been canceled, and a good thing, too. As we pointed out (SI, July 24), this bold move to establish a monopoly over harness racing's biggest market should never have been considered seriously in the first place. We trust that what was attempted overtly and discouraged by public criticism will not be accomplished covertly through dummy stock sales, and we urge the racing commission to be alert to this possibility.

The principals in the proposed sale chose to announce its cancellation in full-page advertisements in New York newspapers. They were remarkable for unprovable flat—and self-satisfied—statements based on questionable logic, all designed to allow the managements of both raceways to bow out of the deal as gracefully as possible. Most of the explanations deserve to be ignored. One, however, should be so thoroughly refuted that it never comes up again. That is the claim that monopoly control would somehow improve the quality of racing. The fact is that monopoly power

means trick management could set all the conditions for racing, including the amount of purse distribution, and horsemen would race under those conditions or not race in New York. Competition protects the horsemen, the public and the sport generally. It must be preserved.

THEY SAID IT

• Don Meredith, Dallas Cowboys' quarterback, upon discovering that pass-catcher Cleveland (Smiley) Jones is three inches shorter than Eddie LeBaron's 5 feet 7: "I hope I can hit him. I've been throwing to LeBaron, and you can't hardly throw any lower than that."

• Gardner Mulloy, 47 and a strong advocate of open tennis, on a possible cure for what ails the amateur game: "Tennis in this country should be controlled by a well-paid czar. Me or Billy Talbert or Jack Kramer has guts enough and know-how to handle the job."

ELECTRONIC BASEBALL

As seems amply suitable in the Electronic Age, the L.A. Dodgers are now using a walkie-talkie set to enable the bench to communicate better with the third-base coach and vice versa. If the practice catches on, and since history tells us there is an effective counterweight for every weapon, here's how a bench-third-base conversation may sound in the near future:

"Cherry Blossom, this is Ridge Pole. Do you read me?"

"Ridge Pole, this is Cherry Blossom. I read you loud and clear."

"Cherry Blossom, this is Ridge Pole. I am getting static and your signal strength seems to be weak. Over."

"Ridge Pole, this is Cherry Blossom. Turn up your volume. Over."

"Roger. Coming in AOK now. This is Ridge Pole, incidentally. When are we going to get a man on base?"

"Pretty soon. Signal Mountain Top to hit the first wait-high fast ball."

"Roger—wiko."

"Nice hit!"

"Cherry Blossom, Mountain Top is rounding first—"

"I can see him."

"You want him to continue?"

"This is Cherry Blossom. No."

"Too late. Here he comes into third. You want him to slide? ... Susic is drowning you out, Cherry Blossom. ... The Pirates are jamming us. Come in, Cherry Blossom. ..."

Mountain Top gets credit for a double, anyway.

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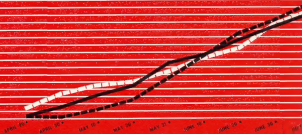
Of all the records in sports, none is more honored, none more renowned than the 60 home runs Babe Ruth hit in 1927. Since then many men have seriously attacked it, but for every June challenge there has been a September reckoning. Twice men have come close. Jimmy Foxx and Hank Greenberg each hit 58 home runs, Foxx in 1932, Greenberg six years later. No one has done that well since, but last week, as the season moved into its second half, it began

to look as if Ruth's record finally might fall. The challenge comes not from one man but two, Mickey Mantle and Roger Maris, teammates on the New York Yankees.

Mantle and Maris, with 37 and 36 home runs apiece, are currently running about 20 games ahead of the pace Ruth set in 1927. Mantle hit his 37th home run in the Yankees' 92nd game. Ruth did not hit his 37th until the Yankees' 114th game. Such comparisons with

GRAPH COMPARES HOME RUN PROGRESS OF MANTLE AND MARIS WITH PACE RUTH

THE THREE SLUGGERS



THE RECORD

if either Mantle or Maris hits 61 home runs this season, will he break Ruth's record? Herewith a straight answer to a hot question

by WALTER BINGHAM

Ruth's pace have always been deceptive, however, since Ruth hit so many of his home runs late in the season. After 123 games of the 1927 season, Ruth had hit only 40 home runs, but in his last 32 games he hit 20, 17 of them in September. (Ruth's late surge crushed his teammate, Lou Gehrig, who was tied with Ruth 44-44 on Labor Day. Gehrig finished with 47.) Any serious challenger must go into September with a cushion.

Mantle hit his first home run this sea-

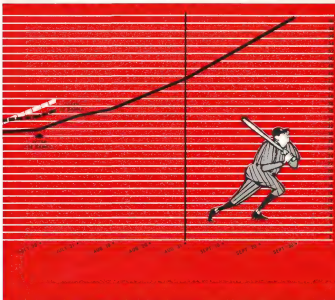
son in the Yankees' third game, and he quickly opened up an 8-1 lead over Maris, who didn't hit his first until the Yankees' 11th game. But in May Maris reduced the lead to 14-12, and in June he passed Mantle by hitting 15 home runs. Maris led Mantle by four at the All-Star break, but then Mantle rallied to take the lead. In a game at Boston last week Maris hit a home run to tie Mantle, who touched his teammate's hand in salute and then hit a home run

to regain his lead. This competition between the two, even if friendly, should be beneficial to both players. Just as Roger Barnister needed Chris Chataway to help him break the four-minute mile, Maris and Mantle are an ever-present stimulus to each other.

Last year they also battled each other for the home run title (Mantle won 40-39) and at that time relations between the two became cool. Mantle was the incumbent hero, a Yankee star for

1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 26

SET 34 YEARS AGO, WHILE BOTH MEN ARE CURRENTLY AHEAD OF BOTH, THE GAME'S LATE-SUMMER SURGE WILL BE HARD TO MATCH





BABE RUTH
6 FEET 5, 215 POUNDS

The Babe was 37 when he hit his 60 home runs. He drove in 164 runs, had a .356 average, 138 walks and 89 strikeouts. He used a 42-ounce bat.



MICKEY MANTLE
6 FEET, 200 POUNDS

THE RECORD continued

nine years. Maris was the new boy, brought to New York in a trade with Kansas City, and he stole much of Mantle's glory with his early-season hitting. Both men are brooders and inclined to sulk. They were outwardly cordial to each other, but it was not an easy relationship. This season they have apparently learned the secret of peaceful coexistence.

The duel between the two Yankee sluggers has drawn capacity crowds during the team's latest road trip. In Chicago, Baltimore (where both players lost home runs in a rained-out game), Washington and Boston, the cheers for Mantle and Maris matched those usually reserved for the home-town heroes. The New York newspapers have devoted their blackest print to the home run battle. MACE, 37, NOT 36 on headline road last week. When Tony Kubek hit a single to drive home the winning run in extra innings, a headline reported YANKS WIN, MARIS (35) SAVES GAME. A few days later John Blanchard pinch-hit a grand-slam home run with two out in the ninth inning to turn defeat into victory, but Maris and Mantle, who also

hit home runs, got top billing in most papers. Even Manager Ralph Houk was swept up in the excitement; he announced that he was rooting for both to beat Ruth's record and that if and when the Yankees clinched the pennant, he would move Maris and Mantle to the top of the batting order to give them more chances to hit.

In the midst of all this excitement, Ford Frick, the commissioner of baseball, last week made a formal statement on the subject. Because the American League is playing a 162-game schedule this season, he said, Babe Ruth's record would not be considered broken if a player hit the decisive home runs after his club's 154th game. It was a foolish, pathetic little statement, foolish because it makes so little sense, pathetic because it will be ignored.

It was Frick himself who sanctioned the American League's 162-game schedule, and if he had a statement to make regarding records that might be broken because of the additional games, he should have made it before the season began. Just why Frick picked 154 games is puzzling, too. It is true that the old schedule called for that number of games, but the Yankees of 1927 played 155

games, since one game ended in a tie.

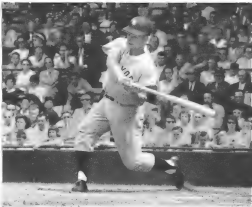
Frick's ruling, if it were followed, would lead to some bizarre situations. Here is one. Suppose Roger Maris hits 61 home runs in 154 games while Mantle hits only 59. Then, in the next eight games, Mantle hits three home runs, Maris none. Mantle, with 62 home runs, becomes the home run champion, but he does not break Babe Ruth's record. Maris does, although he finishes second to Mantle.

To make Mantle and Maris do in part of a season what Ruth did in an entire season is clearly unfair. A season is a season, no matter how many games are played, and if Mantle hits 60 home runs this year, the answer to the question of who has hit the most home runs in one season will be Mickey Mantle. Besides, no crowd watching Mantle's 51st home run sailing out of the park will be talked out of the conviction that it has just seen a new record being set.

It is not mere chance that Ruth's record is in jeopardy this season. Expansion from eight to 10 teams has unquestionably weakened the American League. There are 25% more pitchers in the league than last year, minor league pitchers by the old standard, and they are a



Mantle is 29 and a switch hitter. He has 17 home runs (10 lefty, 7 righty), 86 runs batted in, 74 walks, 63 strikeouts and a .333 average.



ROGER MARIS
6 FEET, 100 POUNDS

Maris is 28, has 35 home runs, 38 runs batted in, 57 walks, 38 strikeouts and a .274 batting average. Both he and Mantle are 15-monsoon bats.

big help to the good hitters. Right behind Mantle and Maris in home runs are Harmon Killebrew with 30, Rocky Colavito, Norm Cash and Jim Gentile, all tied with 27. Last year Mantle won the home run title with 40, but anyone who hits 40 this year will finish out of the money.

Expansion has also put two new ball parks in the league. Wrigley Field in Los Angeles and Metropolitan Stadium in Minnesota. Both are cozy little places with prevailing winds blowing out from home plate. As a result, the Angels and Twins, who are eighth and ninth in the American League, are second and fourth in home runs. Curiously, Mantle and Maris have hit only six of their 73 home runs in those two parks, but with three games remaining in each, the parks may yet prove an important factor in breaking the record.

Ruth's advantages

Ruth, of course, played in a couple of cozy parks, too. In 1927 the Cleveland Indians' home was League Park, which had considerably smaller dimensions than today's Municipal Stadium. Ruth hit his 10th home run there that year, a high fly that barely made it.

"George actually flushed as he leaped around the bases," reported James R. Harrison of *The New York Times*. Sportsman's Park in St. Louis, where the Browns played in 1927, has a much shorter right-field area than Municipal Stadium in Baltimore, where the Browns moved. And Fenway Park, where Ruth hit eight home runs in 1927, was altered in 1932; the right-field barrier was pushed back to where it is today.

Ruth enjoyed several other advantages that are denied Mantle and Maris. In 1927 batted balls that bounced into the grandstand counted as home runs instead of ground-rule doubles, as they do today. Baseball historians have examined each of Ruth's 60 home runs and are persuaded that some of them bounced into the seats. It really isn't important. The point is that Ruth had the opportunity to hit a home run on the bounce. If two of them had bounced in, no one—least of all Ford Frick—would contend that Maris or Mantle need hit only 58 home runs to tie the record. Maris this season has bounced two balls over the low right-field barrier in Yankee Stadium. In effect, he has been deprived of two home runs.

Nor did Ruth face the hectic travel

schedule Mantle and Maris do today. In 1927 games were played only in the afternoon—"when God intended man to play baseball," some players say. Teams traveled by train and only as far west as St. Louis. Ruth never played a night game in Minnesota, rushed to the airport, caught a plane to Los Angeles and played another game the following night, as Mantle and Maris have.

It is for such reasons that comparisons between players of different generations are senseless. The game changes. Rules vary, permitting one thing one year, preventing it the next. The bats get lighter, the gloves bigger, the fences move in and out. Babe Ruth's record will be broken, if not this year, then next. No matter.

What Ruth was to baseball in his generation no man can ever hope to duplicate. He needs no legislation to be remembered and honored, and this is the most unfortunate and unforgivable aspect of Ford Frick's decision. Frick's attempt to protect the record, undoubtedly well-intentioned, is an insult to the man who set it. Ruth was always a man to accept a challenge. He probably would be happy to spot Mantle and Maris a few extra games.

END

VERY GOOD, VERY TIRED AND WINNERS ALL THE WAY

Only the logistics were bad as the U.S. continued its successful tour of Europe, making friends, overcoming fatigue and adding victories in Stuttgart and London to the big Moscow conquest

by ROY TERRELL

In eight days the U.S. track and field team competed in three international dual meets. Say it fast enough and it doesn't sound difficult at all. A fascinating trip to Moscow, a brief stop in Stuttgart and then on to jolly England. But to the athletes concerned the 6,000-mile tour was comparable to running a relay race up a sand dune—not exactly impossible, but hardly a lot of fun.

On six of the eight days the Americans were in competition, and on the other two they traveled. They ate unfamiliar food and slept too little in too many different beds. They spent interminable hours in airports or coiled like pretzels on buses, where their long legs did not fit. They walked too many miles down the streets of strange towns. Their laundry remained dirty, their stomachs stayed queasy and their warts went unremoved in three foreign languages, not the least puzzling of which was the English they found in London. They signed autographs by the hundreds and shook a thousand outstretched hands. They ran on hard tracks and soft tracks, in sun and rain, and the real wonder was that three times they forced themselves to the thin, sharp edge of competitive readiness, and three times they won.

As a show of athletic excellence under constant pressure and amidst trying conditions, the trip was an unqualified success. As a formal part of the cultural exchange program among nations, its worth was evident too, if more difficult to assess because each stop along the way presented a different set of circum-

stances and required different measuring standards.

The Russians were fascinated by the Americans, curious about them and perhaps a little astonished. While touring Russian athletes are closely supervised and remain much within their own group, the Americans spread out. They behaved in a pleasantly undisciplined way that must have been difficult for Russians to understand. No Russian team would ever make so much noise, argue so violently over card games or demand so much service in restaurants and stores. There was nothing improper, you understand. It was just that the ebullient American acted as if they owned the joint—behavior likely to disturb a regimented Muscovite.

Ice cream at the Metropole

Even more surprising must have been the sight of Cliff Cushman and Wilma Rudolph sightseeing together in Red Square or John Thomas and Pat Daniels eating ice cream in front of the Metropole Hotel. The Communist party line had been trumpeting that Negro athletes were a new kind of slave, composing unpaid for the prestige of the United States while fat whites sat back to reap the benefits. The only visible benefits to white members of the U.S. team were friendship and ice cream cones.

In Germany the Americans ran into a tumultuous welcome. Hordes of autograph seekers surrounded the buses and hotels. The athletes were harassed on the streets and bothered at their meals—

and they loved it. "I feel like Mickey Mantle," said Jim Beatty. The interest of the Germans was due to several factors. First, they admire Americans greatly. They do not always like them, perhaps, but they admire them. Second, track and field is the biggest sport in Germany next to soccer, and German track stars are national heroes. So, too, are world record holders and Olympic champions from other countries, and the American team was loaded with these. So they signed autographs and answered questions and shook hands.

By contrast, the American arrival in England had the impact of a damp sponge. Hardly anyone knew they were there. This is partly because London is already full of Americans at this time of year, and a few more, whether athletes, tourists or Campfire Girls, make little difference. Also, track and field ranks just a bit above bullbaiting in the British sporting spectrum these days. The English haven't had many Roger Bannisters to get excited about of late. Yet 15,000 did come to White City stadium on Friday and 23,000 on Saturday. Whether, finally, the tour's achievements were worth the effort only the athletes themselves can answer. But theirs was a performance to be proud of.

In the one meet they had to win, the

continued

HURLING HAYES JONES, later to star in Stuttgart, gets jump on Russian foe in the stretch of his 110-meter-hurdle win in Moscow.





Americans are tigers. They clawed and snarled and fought their way to victory over the Russians with a vicious intensity that must have stunned the 60,000 *Proble* subscribers in the stands each day and caused not a few to consider switching to *The New York Times*. Where were the soft and sedentary products of the luxurious life of which they had read? Perhaps the Soviet citizens learned something.

It is unlikely that either the Germans or British learned anything new, for they have known us well for a long time, and although the American team eased up visibly once out of Russia, it showed that even a tame old tiger is hardly a docile beast. Last week the U.S. team won in Stuttgart 120-91 and in London 122-88. In each case the result was ossified, and perhaps it was easy, but the U.S. athletes will never believe that, for by then the trip was getting tough.

They continued to produce some amazing performances, however. Hayes Jones fled over the high hurdles to add two more victories to the one he had achieved in Moscow. He ran on two more winning sprint-relay teams, contributing a particularly fast opening leg to the Stuttgart victory, and that same evening he also ran the 100-meter dash, pushing Frank Budd all the way and beating Manfred Germar, *Deutschland's* fair-haired boy.

Budd won all his 100s, whether at meters or yards, in convincing fashion, although Germar beat him in a photo finish at 200 meters. Jay Silvester swept the discus competition, throwing 193 feet $\frac{5}{16}$ inches in London. Cushman hurled himself across the finish line to defeat Germany's strong Hebrut Jozz at the end of a spectacular 400-meter hurdle race, the heroics made necessary by a leg cramp that seized the blond North Dakota boy as he went over the eighth jump.

On a wet track Ullis Williams ran a 46.3 quarter mile, the fastest ever seen in Great Britain, to defeat Adrian Metcalfe in a stretch duel of five 19-year-olds. Henry Wadsworth and John Uehies swept the pole vault everywhere. And although the women's team lost to Ger-

many 66-38 and to Great Britain 56-30, Wilma Rudolph and her amazing little red-haired teammate, Willye White, continued to wow them at every stop along the way. Wilma set a world record of 11.2 for 100 meters, pushed hard by Willye for more than half the distance, and Willye extended her American broad-jump record every time she went out. "Ralph Boston has been coaching me," she said.

Jim Beatty ran a 3:59.7 mile, notable for three reasons. He did it without the threat of Dwyer Befferton, who had injured a leg winning the half mile the night before; Beatty set the pace most of the way himself; and it was the first sub-four-minute mile this year in Great Britain, where they invented the thing.

At the longer distances, where America has been notoriously weak, the U.S. team surprised even itself. George Young and Deacon Jones each won a steeplechase, John Gatknecht raced off with the 10,000 meters in Stuttgart, and Max Traux, in finishing third in England's Gordon Pirie, took seven seconds off Beatty's American three-mile record of 13:18. Pirie finished two yards ahead of that barefooted British record holder, Bruce Tulloh, and set a new United Kingdom mark of 13:16.4. Traux, who had the effrontery to try and steal the race by bolting ahead with three laps left, forced the record pace.

A pooped Budd

But America's depth in her favorite events and her unglamorous potential in the rest are well known. What the U.S. team demonstrated so forcefully in the last half of that hectic week was that its athletes have considerable courage, too.

By the time the team reached London it was very tired. Budd ran his slowest 100 in years, a 9.7, and the White City track, which has been called the sprinters' graveyard, was not entirely to blame. "I'm flat pooped out," he said. Ralph Boston and John Thomas continued to win, but Boston finished the week almost two feet behind where he had begun and Thomas dropped more than four inches to 6 feet 10. Still, they won.

It was the injuries and illnesses that hurt. Coach Jim Elliott found himself switching men around like a harassed Casey Stengel. Because John Fromm, his best javelin thrower, had a pulled muscle in his side, Elliott entered Dave Edmerson, a decathlon man, in the javelin in Stuttgart. He ran the other decathlon man, Paul Herman, in the 1,300

meters because Jim Grelle had a bad cold. Jim Beatty ended up in the 800 meters because Jerry Siebert had to run a 1,600-meter-relay leg because Paul Drayton had a pulled muscle.

Earl Young, the No. 3 quarter-mile, actually became a utility-man here during the week. Originally scheduled to run only on the 1,600-meter or mile relay team, Young ran 400 meters once (winning in 48.5 over Germany's Manfred Kinder), 220 yards once (finishing a tenth of a second back of two of the world's fastest sprinters), on the sprint-relay team twice (anchoring two winners) and, of course, on the winning 1,600-meter-relay team in Moscow and Stuttgart. But after running two races in London with a strip throat and a fever of 102°, Young finally quit.

A second-string steeplechaser ran the 5,000 meters, and a 5,000-meter man was pressed into running the 10,000 meters. Bob Avanti high-jumped with a twisted ankle. With Bill Sharpe injured, Cliff Cushman competed in the 800, 400 and 200, which is a long way from the 440 hurdles. Then Cushman became ill, too, and ran his last hurdle race so weakened that he could only push Dixon Farmer to a photo-finish victory. Uehies won the pole vault in Moscow despite a swollen gland resulting from a black-fly bite. He was worse in Stuttgart, where he finished second. Finally, the infection had to be opened and Uehies was shot full of antibiotics. So in London he vaulted again, just once, hitting 13 feet 9 inches, for a second place. That is the way the U.S. swept the pole vault in the three meets.

Magnificent as the week's performance was, no U.S. team should be subjected to such demands again. When Americans go abroad in the years ahead they should be furnished faster transportation and a less frantic schedule. One meet a week is maximum. Even the AAU must realize this now.

The London meet ended the week but not the tour. Next comes Warsaw, where the competition will be fierce, and then fragments of the squad will go to Sweden and Norway. But they will be all right now. They will have a week's rest before the Polish competition, the team doctor has a fresh stock of medical supplies and Cliff Cushman is working on the hammer throw, just in case. It would be nice, when the boys and girls return to New York on August 2, if a few people were at Idlewild to cheer them. They have earned it.

END

WINNING WILMA RUDOLPH, holding the baton high at moment of victory, reaches late in record 400-meter relay at Lenin Stadium.

Merrie Go Round

Even if she had not tangled her sulky's wheel with that of a rival, the European trotting champion Kracovie (No. 4) probably would not have won this race, but she might have pushed the remarkable horse that did win to a new world record. Barely defeated in the previous week's International, the French mare was doing fairly well in last week's Challenge Trot at Roosevelt Raceway until this moment. Then, rounding into the stretch, she sideswiped America's Silver Song (No. 7), whose driver is shown here eying his wheel in concern. The mishap delayed both horses enough to let the U.S. 4-year-old Merrie Duke win the race in his own good time. Just 3/5 second off the world mark of 2:33, it was good time indeed.

Photograph by Art Rickerby

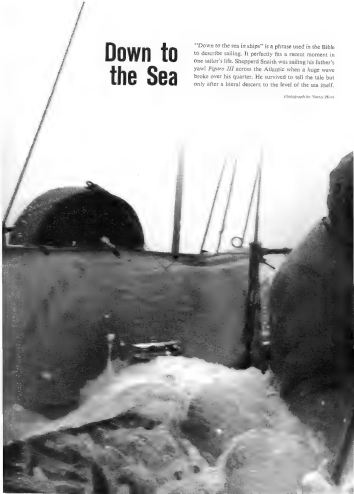




Down to the Sea

"Down to the sea in ships" is a phrase used in the Bible to describe sailing. It perfectly fits a recent moment in one sailor's life. Shepperd Sealith was sailing his father's yawl *Figaro III* across the Atlantic when a huge wave broke over his quarter. He survived to tell the tale but only after a lateral descent to the level of the sea itself.

Photograph by Marco Piva









Free Facial at the Fence

Peggy Lockett looked pretty enough to please almost everybody at the start of the cross-country event in a one-day trial near Middleburg, Va. To please everybody, that is, but her borrowed mount, Tamer. Coming up to the third obstacle, Tamer, a perfectionist but no gentleman, ducked his head and sent Peggy arrowing straight into a free facial, with the result pictured above. Peggy, by now something of a perfectionist herself, wiped off her mudpack, pulled herself together, remounted Tamer and sent him over the jump in proper form.

Photographs by Howard O. Allen

WHAT'S SO FUNNY WITH PANCHO?

A short-stemmed racket, for one thing.
But it is only one aspect of the game
tackled by Gonzales and his colleagues

by REX LARDNER



PANCHO REACTS DRAMATICALLY AFTER MISSING SLAM IN PARADISE TENNIS MATCH

Pancho Gonzales, the world's best tennis player, is ruefully belaboring himself in this picture because he has just belted a ball into the blue Atlantic off a place called Paradise Island in the Bahamas. And why has this happened to Pancho? What is he doing with that saved-off racket anyway? For that matter, what are Jack Kramer, Don Budge, Ellsworth Vines and several other stars who are not in this picture but are in Pancho's predicament doing down there in the tropics, sweating around a ball that isn't even a tennis ball?

The answer is that they are playing a game called Paradise Tennis, the tantalis-

ing joint invention of Huntington Hartford, 30-year-old heir to the A & P fortune and owner of Paradise Island, and Wendell Niles Jr., the New York AC tennis champion. A racket-games enthusiast, Hartford is a former member of the Harvard tennis and squash teams and is a formidable table-tennis player. He is also the founder of a handwriting institute, is writing a book on art, is building an art museum in New York and is interested in extracting fuel oil from shale deposits in the Southwest. He owns the Huntington Hartford Theater in Hollywood and he wrote *Jane Eyre*, a play based on Charlotte Brontë's novel. In 1949 he established a colony for art-

ists, writers and composers at Pacific Palisades in California, and he is now launching a show business magazine called *Show, And*, of course, Paradise Tennis, which is why we are here.

Paradise Tennis might possibly have been called Hog Tennis had it not been for the fact that Hartford changed the name of the island where he first played the game. He did that because he is changing Hog Island, now known as Paradise Island, into a tourist resort. When Hartford is done, Paradise Island, which lies a third of a mile off Nassau, will have a yacht marina, an amphitheater, a golf course and a hotel. Up until recently, regular chariot races were

—HELVIG



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planned there. But the main feature right now is Paradise Tennis.

Considering its newness as a game (for the past year about the only players have been Hartford and Niles), the first Paradise Tennis tournament had a staggering entry list. Vines, Budge, Gonzales and Kramer were only the beginning—there were also a former national table-tennis champion, Dick Miles, who won the title nine times and is probably the best table-tennis player this country has ever produced; Althea Gibson; co-inventor Wendell Niles Jr., and myself, Hartford, unfortunately, was sailing to Europe on the *Queen Mary* at the time, but he checked in by phone from the radio room. James Wong Howe, one of the world's greatest cinematographers, was on hand to make movies of the game.

Paradise Tennis is akin to both table

tennis and tennis, with a little bit of gambling thrown in. It is played on a table nine feet wide and 18 feet long (roughly the size of four table-tennis tables) and about 28 inches high. The surface is aluminum sheeting bonded to aluminum honeycomb and painted green. A foot-high net bisects the width of the table and a white line bisects it lengthwise. Tennis rackets with abraded handles are what you hit with, and the ball is white inflated rubber about the size of a tennis ball.

The serve is like the table-tennis serve—the ball must bounce on the server's side before crossing the net. In both singles and doubles the serve must land in the diagonally opposite court. After the serve a shot is good if it lands anywhere on the opponent's side of the table. There is only one serve and you are never allowed to hit the ball before it bounces. Scoring is the same as in tennis.

No sport for mollycoddles (among

other things, the table gets red-hot under a tropic sun), Paradise Tennis is a game of restraint and discipline rather than naked power, an exercise in placement, tactics and spin. It is a scumbler's game, with the player often comforting himself wildly to thrust his racket at the ball. One stroke—the lunging attempt to poke back a drop shot hit with plenty of backspin—is a little like leaping on a live hand grenade to keep it from spreading. The cry, "Oh, those table burns!" was heard frequently during the three-day tournament.

I myself invented a shot (since determined to be illegal) which involved flinging myself head first toward the net, as in a diving baseball slide, while holding onto the end of the table with my free hand so I could yank myself off it to hit the return shot (you can't count on a spectator or your doubles partner to be quick-witted enough to roll you off the surface, and presumably if you are hit

continued



VALIANT AUTHOR (LEFT) GETS SET TO CHOP IN SEMIFINAL IN WHICH HE TEAMED WITH DARIN SHOPOFF AGAINST GONZALES, KRAMER

with the ball while prone on the table, the point goes to the enemy). I know the shot is illegal because when Hartford called up from the *Queen Mary* I asked him and he said you have to keep one foot on the ground at all times.

The main thing about the game, though, is that most of the time it is very risky to hit the ball hard. If you do, it generally goes off the table. With people like Kramer, Gonzales, Budge, Vines and Gibson around, everybody, of course, tried the "big game," and in such cases the ball often would sail off down the road between an arcade of palm trees, or out to sea. Occasionally there would be the cry of "Look out!" from a player, something in the manner of a solicitous bean-ball pitcher warning a batter his head is in imminent danger.

It proved, therefore, that the best strokes of the great tennis players—Budge's backhand; Vines's, Gonzales' and Kramer's forehands; and myself, naturally, off both sides—could not be put to effective use. The net was too high or the table was too short. Nearly everyone but Niles began to rely largely on slices and chops. The ball was slow to react to topspin.

This provoked considerable discussion—"You can't hit it hard," Don Budge

cried out once in despair, "you just can't hit it hard!"

Toward the end of the first set in the doubles final Vines showed himself to be a real mule. Racing after a short, sharp-angled shot by Gonzales, he almost tore his leg off on a corner of the table. He said not a word, though some players hollered every time they got a little burn from touching the edge of the table while reaching for a drop shot. You might say that Paradise Tennis is a fun game but has aspects that are not entirely paradisaical.

Watching all this, analyzing my own play, I finally felt constrained to give the players some advice. "Let me tell you something about this game," I told them. "I've played a certain amount of tennis and ping-pong [Miles winced] and my theory is you have to put a lot of the strings on the ball every shot. The longer the ball stays on the racket, the more control over it you have." I then recommended to Budge that he choke up on the racket for better control. He never did.

I was wiping my face off with a towel after a tough match later that afternoon

when Hartford called up from the *Queen Mary*. Kramer was playing a match and the other players were swimming, so Gonzales was summoned to the phone. "Where the hell are you?" demanded Gonzales, who had spent most of the night playing backgammon. Hartford told him he was on the *Queen Mary*. "Oh, yeah?" said Gonzales. Wendell Niles Jr. got on the phone and said the tournament was going along great, with all four of the tables on the island in constant use.

"Tell him about my match with Vines," I said.

"Vines beat Lardner," Niles said, giving me a perplexed look.

"7-5, 7-5," I reminded Niles, and the information was transmitted across the water. Then I got on the phone. Hartford's voice was quite faint, but among other things he said he had a Paradise Tennis table set up on the promenade deck of the *Queen Mary* with a net around it to keep the balls from landing in the ocean. He also mentioned he was going to buy the replica of the *Bessy* which Marlon Brando was using for his movie out in Tahiti when Brando was

NOTEWORTHY COMPETITORS Wendell Niles Jr. (left), Dick Miles, Don Budge and Alpha Gibson show various degrees of concentration during tournament play. Niles, the game's co-inventor with Huntington Hartford, lost in the men's singles final to Miles, who beat Budge in the quarter final. Alpha breezed through women's singles without the loss of a set.



through with it. "I'm going to anchor it off Paradise Island," he said.

"Be sure to put a table on it," I told him.

The climactic match in the tournament took place when Gonzales met Dick Miles in the semifinals. Though Gonzales had learned the game only the day before, his strokes were so stylish and his knowledge of spin so thorough that he was expected to win the tournament. In the Miles match, Gonzales hit formidable shots with plenty of spin and bite, showed fine anticipation and seemed determined to win. But everything he hit came back. The game developed a pattern: Gonzales would loop the ball, chop it or put sidespin on it, varying its length—anything to confuse Miles, since he could not overpower him. But Miles, holding the racket short and hitting knife-like chops off both sides, seemed always to win the final exchange of their long rallies. The few times Gonzales belted the ball—to the excitement of the crowd—he lost the point. At one juncture late in the first set Gonzales muttered in despair, "It's like hitting against a board." After losing the first set at love, he appeared to become disheartened, missing shots he would ordinarily have no trouble with. When he was down 4-0 in the second set, he abruptly changed strategy and

blooped every ball back into the corner of the court. This won him his first game, and the roar that went up from the crowd was deafening.

However, Miles, a small, slight man, adjusted to the new pattern, swallowed the last rebuke, resisted the temptation to wait the scraps and outlived Pancho in long rallies to win the set 6-1.

A victory for hypnotism

Pancho later mentioned that the length of the rallies and the short interval of time between shots made him a little dizzy. Miles said that when he played table tennis he looked forward to long rallies because after a while he became "at one" with the ball. "It was a victory for hypnotism," a disgruntled Gonzales rooster said.

It was not expected, however, that Miles would beat Wendell Niles Jr. in the finals. Niles had eliminated Vines and Kramer to reach the final, while Miles's other notable victory was over Budge. Niles had a formidable variety of strokes and a great familiarity with the game. In the past year the only person who had been able to give him competition was Hartford, and over-all Niles had won the most matches.

The Miles-Niles match started evenly, with each player holding service. As James Wong Howe's camera buzzed Niles topped, chopped, sliced and slammed, running Miles from corner to corner. Miles continued the pattern of placing the racket up by one ear or the other, cocking his head as he hit and knifing everything back. Little by little his consistency were down even such a versatile player as Niles. After Miles won the first set 6-4 a case of what might be called the Paradise Tennis jitters hit its co-inventor. He began to wobble shots hard whether there was a mathematical chance of hitting the table or not. He hit one ball a mile high. Miles kept poking everything back with a deadpan expression and won the second set 6-0 for the singles championship.

Althea Gibson, as expected, won the women's title, beating Nelly Longshore, who is on the staff of *World Tennis*, 6-3, 6-0. "The drop shot is the thing," Althea had announced when she hit her first few Paradise Tennis shots and that is what she mainly won with drop shots that bounced sideways and backwards and were virtually unretrievable.

Probably the most bizarre rally of the tournament took place when Gonzales and Kramer played a pair of Baharenses



BAHARIAN BELLE, Mrs. Ronald Carroll, admires sculpted tournament trophies on display.

in a doubles semifinal. In the first set a ball was dumped short by one of their opponents. Gonzales, darting wildly up for it, lost his balance, whirled and fell down, landing on the table on the flat of his back. A leg gave away, causing his side of the table to sag at a 45° angle. As Kramer, with some difficulty, kept the rally going, Gonzales sid off the table, held it up with one hand and gave Kramer a little help with the other, meanwhile trying to kick the leg back in place. His team lost the point, but their opponents were through after that.

Shortly after this match, when the table had been repaired, Gonzales and I played an exhibition against Miles and Niles. We were doing pretty well, but Gonzales, who was on my left, kept taking shots off my backhand with his forehand. "No wonder they call this Hog Island," I said, but Pancho didn't hear me. Maybe that's why we lost.

END



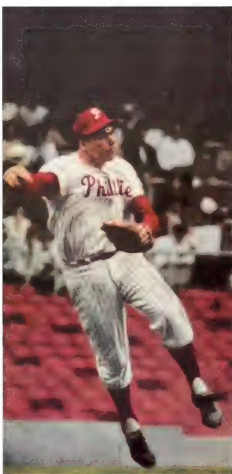
THE RACE AGAINST THE BALL

Baseball is man racing against a ball. It is a swift base runner scoring from first on a double, his desperate slide barely beating the shortstop's frenzied relay. It is an outfielder sprinting back toward the fence, overtaking a long drive. But, as the pictures on the following pages indicate, the race involves more than pure speed. There is also the final effort—a lunge, a dive, a stretch—that may, in saving a fraction of time, provide the difference between a victory and a defeat.

Two fielders converge on a bouncing ball over second. One makes a lunging barehand stop as the other swerves to escape a collision.



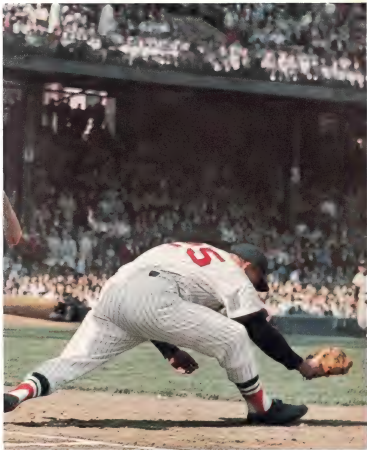




Charging a topped ground ball, the third baseman, without breaking stride, throws to first base.



The runner grimaces from the effort of his race, but the ball, aided by that graceful stretch, has won.







The runner, in haste to reach third, slides past it; the third baseman dives after him and, apparently, makes the put-out. However, the umpire, standing over them, disagrees.

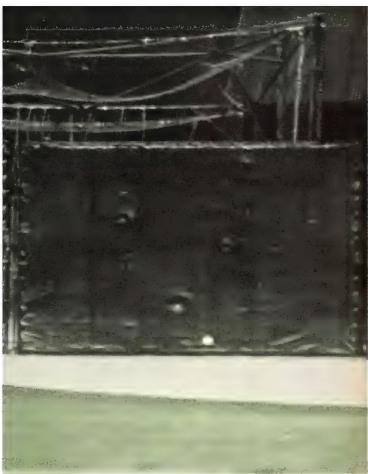
The on-deck man signals the runner to slide, and he does, hooking the plate with his toe. The umpire starts to call him out, unaware that the catcher has dropped the ball.







The outfielder charges a sinking liner and, gambling, tries



to make a diving catch. But he misses and tumbles, and now

the ball is by him, rolling all the way to the wall for a sure triple.

Last fall George Munger, professor and director of physical education at the University of Pennsylvania, toured Europe to seek the answer to a disturbing question: Why are their young people tougher and stronger than ours? Now, in a letter to the director of President Kennedy's Council on Youth Fitness, Munger proffers a

CHALLENGE TO BUD WILKINSON

Mr. Charles B. Wilkinson
The President's Council on Youth Fitness
Washington, D.C.



GEORGE MUNGER OF PENN WRITES OF FITNESS ABROAD

Dear Bud:

In the four months since you were called to Washington by the President to launch a program for helping Americans back to fitness, you have doubtless heard—more often than you care to hear it—that a great number of our youth are physically unfit. I'm sure you were as cheered as I was last week to read President Kennedy's special message—based on your research and proposals—asking all schools and interested public agencies to strengthen their physical education programs. I strongly approve your concrete recommendations that the schools provide a minimum of 15 minutes' vigorous activity every day for all pupils and give special attention to the more underdeveloped. It's not my aim here, Bud, to tell you or the President how to do the job. However, last summer and fall I traveled in eight European countries to try to understand why their boys and girls—as the President said last week—"have moved ahead of younger people in this country in their ability to endure long physical hardships, in their physical fitness and in their strength." It occurs to me that some of what I learned might be useful to you. Because most of all, I think—and I've been doing a lot of thinking on this problem—we need a fresh attack all around: the type of original thinking that you've applied as coach and athletic director at Oklahoma.

Comparing what I know of our physical activity programs here with what I found in Europe, I conclude that we in the U.S. have goofed, and goofed badly, in two respects. For one thing, we have let our facilities lapse. As you know, in this great, fat, rich country of ours, 72% of our 138,032 schools—public and private, elementary and secondary—have inadequate physical education programs. Yet physical educators in the U.S., like those throughout Europe, realize that young children are very receptive to physical exercise and easily converted into sports participants and enthusiasts. The trouble is that simply for lack of adequate facilities and proper athletic programs we are failing to catch them while they are young, as they do in Europe.

That's bad enough, but what's even worse is that we have somehow lost the very good, old idea that vigorous exercise—taking a workout, raising a sweat, bounding around, shaking up the liver—can be fun. We have become too sober and preachy on the subject of exercise—we have a surfeit of scolding lecturers expounding the cause of Fitness. We are plagued today with an even more grandiose and useless term: Total Fitness. Fitness totalitarians sermonized and captured the previous administration. Under President Eisenhower their nebulous program called for the attainment not only of physical fitness but social fitness, spiritual fitness and any other kind of fitness that came to mind, all of a drably moral sort. The program was unquestionably worthy (another dreadful fitness term), but it was so overloaded it sank from the weight of its own utopianism. There was no fun in it—and fun, I am positive, is the chief solution to this whole dilemma.

In my opinion, those most to blame for the sorry condition of the American youngster are physical educators such as myself. Few in our field have done enough practical and imaginative thinking for several generations. We have failed to overhaul our programs and devise new and interesting ones. The most interesting and workable and successful physical education program of this generation has been the Little League's, in which one million small boys now participate. But where were our physical people in the Little League? The Little League was conceived and put over by fathers and mothers. Physical educators had very little to do with it, and I suspect that the parents dreamed up the Little League and got it rolling because they felt we educators had failed to provide good programs for their kids at grade school level.

But parents, too, have to share the blame: for not demanding the right kind of program loudly enough; or for helping to institute the wrong kind. Not long ago one of our suburban villages here in Philadelphia debated with itself over whether to spend money on a playground and a physical instructor for its communal school or to hire a psychiatrist to feel the kids' little noggins for them. The school authorities, the PTA, all the adults involved, were represented in the debate. After hardly any argument it was moved and carried to spend the money on psychiatry. Lord knows, I've nothing against psychiatry, providing it's good psychiatry and providing its need is indicated. But if that wasn't a defeatist attitude on the part of a community I can't think of what else you'd call it.

Four years of physical education used to be compulsory for all undergraduates here at Penn, but we reduced it to one year because the calisthenics bored the students into an almost unanimous so-what attitude. We now give them sports and games that they enjoy. Last summer at Moscow University I saw a calisthenics class of about 200 working out. The students were loafing and dogging it exactly as our students here at Penn used to do. In that instance the Russians were about a hundred years behind their own program.

In the past century, while we in the U.S. have invented a number of new ways to help us stay young, the British have been playing the same old games. We have the breadth of a

continued



OKLAHOMA'S WILKINSON PONDERS FITNESS AT HOME

continent to play on, and they have only a small island. Yet, as others have found and as I confirmed for myself last summer, the British children are in better shape. Why?

In the first place, they've never forgotten the all-important catch-on-young principle. As the British see it, almost any game will do to start youngsters off; even drop the handkerchief has its values. At the age levels that correspond to those of the American junior high and high schools in Britain we see the games-for-fitness principle at its best. The Britons' games are by no means a privilege of those who can afford to play on the fields of Eton; they are now for youngsters of every economic bracket.

Early last fall I attended quite a few Rugby matches in Britain, and at nearly every school I visited not only would its first team be playing the day's opponent, but so would its others—down to the sixth, seventh and eighth teams. That kind of participation went on in all sorts of sports throughout the academic year, and with intramural matches thrown in. The entire school—brilliant boys, sensitive boys, boys who loathed sports, every boy on the rolls with two sound legs regularly played some game in season.

In our inter-academic league here in Philadelphia we have sports-for-all programs modeled after the British, and so do most private schools in this country. But private schools are only a drop in the American secondary education bucket. In the public high schools that most of our youth attend varsity sports play a rip-roaring part. But do the public highs have sixth, seventh and eighth teams? No, yet they should have if we're ever going to get our kids up to European standards.

We tend to be too vanity-minded; we don't do enough over here for the also-ran and the duff. In Europe generally, and in Britain particularly, the also-ran is fostered and the duffer is cherished. It's every bit as glorious to make the varsity in England as it is in this country, but if you don't make it, there's provision for you to compete against others on your own ability level. The British have learned to enjoy winning without losing sight of the capital importance of participation.

Underparticipation, then, is the prime cause of our under-fitness—that's as obvious as the flab in Junior's muscles. The basic remedy is equally obvious: more participation. But how do we get it? By putting fun back into the physical program in our public schools and by making provision for the nonathletic youngsters to share it. What we need are more mediocre scabbards having a bang-up time on the seventh team.

Another thing we could learn from the British is a technique they've devised for complexly changing the age-old so-what attitude toward mass athletics. They've taken the mass out of it. This technique, known as Circuit Training,

was first contrived at Leeds for university students who wanted exercise but didn't have time for organized sports. It is now spreading all over the British Isles and is being practiced by large sections of the population, including accomplished athletes. The root idea of Circuit Training is providing motivation—motivation for the trainee to compete against himself.

How does it work? After an initial diagnosis by the instructor, a few exercises are prescribed. Each of these exercises can be altered. The trainee keeps score for himself and is urged to depend on the instructor as little as possible. The trainee is in charge of his own progress, and because he keeps his own score, he has tangible results that he can believe in. His profits, in a sense, are real, so he is far less likely to develop a so-what attitude and dismiss the whole program as a bore and a bore.

Though capable of great variation and elaboration, Circuit Training is basically simple, inexpensive, applicable to both sexes and all ages from 5 up, and stimulating to boot. This British program could be adapted easily to our needs.

Needless to say, they don't have much so-what trouble in the Soviet Union. A totalitarian government has an immense advantage over a democracy in being able to enforce compulsory physical training from the day nurseries to the Ph.D. level. The Soviets can put an athletic director in every new apartment house and an athletic club in every factory.

Our government, of course, does not and cannot enforce such things, and I would not cite the Russians here. But, if I considered enforcement to be the prime virtue of their program. But the plain fact is that the enthusiasm they have generated for sports exceeds anything that could ever be born solely of force, and it is this enthusiasm, I think, that accounts for much of the good showing the Russians have made in various world arenas.

Their participation figures, for instance, are astounding. The competitors in the annual track and field championships at the Lenin Central Stadium in Moscow each summer are the best of 20 million athletes who have competed in local, district and regional meets throughout the 13 Soviet republics. In the parade in Moscow on November 7 (which corresponds to our Fourth of July), I saw a turnout from one factory of 37 hockey teams. Enforcement doesn't produce that kind of participation; enthusiasm does, and fostering enthusiasm.

In addition to the usual outdoor appointments, the Lenin Central Stadium in Moscow has an indoor track, rooms for boxing, wrestling and fencing, a big gymnasium for boys and girls, two restaurants, two movie theaters and a 400-room hotel built under the seats in the stands. The stadium is jumping every day of the year; if it's too cold outside, the athletes go inside. This section of Moscow around the stadium might be called Sports Suburb, for it also contains a smother of the

continued

THE LETTER'S AUTHOR

For 35 years, since he saw action himself as a football halfback and as an accomplished decathlon performer, George A. Manger has been preoccupied with the cause of fitness. After two seasons as track and football coach at Philadelphia's Episcopal Academy, he served five years as freshman football and track coach and sixteen years as varsity football coach at the University of Pennsylvania. For the past seven years he has been professor and director of physical education at Penn, also supervising intramural athletics for non-varsities and also-runs. In the summers Manger directs Camp Tecumseh, a hockey stronghold of fun and fitness in Center Harbor, N.H. To keep himself in condition today, at age 51, Manger devotes his leisure to equestrian sports and taking care of his own two horses. It was after attending the Rome Olympics last summer as a member of the U.S. Equestrian Committee that he took off on an eight-country tour to find the answers that might help American youth buck onto the proper road to fitness.



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Moscow River where canoeists work out, a formidable ski jump, a large skating rink, tennis and basketball courts and the world's largest outdoor fresh-water swimming pool.

I had a swim in this magnificent pool, which is circular in shape and divided into segments like a pie, and here's what I saw going on simultaneously: a water-polo match, a 50-meter straightaway race, an entire swimming team practicing, a lot of recreational swimming, and, in the center of the pie, divers using springboards and platforms. The pie is surrounded by a circular pebble beach, and back of that are the locker rooms. On the October day I was there it was snowing a little, the air was 28°, but the pool temperature was 78°. How to get from locker to pool without freezing while crossing the beach? The architects solved that one by providing channels filled with warm water and extending from the pie like spokes. You got into the channel nearest your locker and swam to the pool. At the pool proper there was a glass door with its bottom six inches below the channel's surface; when you reached it you merely ducked under the glass and were in the pool itself.

Regardless of how we differ from the Russians politically, nobody in physical education can help being impressed by their facilities and by what they have accomplished by fostering enthusiasm for competition. Sport plays a strong part in the Soviet Union's plans. A Russian Master of Sports—a male or female champion, world-record breaker or Olympic winner—is a public hero whose status far exceeds that of any American athlete, amateur or professional.

Of all things I saw in Russia, what impressed me most by far was the enlightenment of their best brains, particularly medical men, to do research in physical attainment and possibilities. Two incidents will always stick in my mind.

In Moscow the very pleasant lady from Intourist who guided me around had a lovely 7-year-old daughter who was trying out for the ballet. They were kind enough to ask me to the tryout. There were two dozen other little girls competing, and a 50-piece orchestra was in the pit. The Intourist lady's little girl topped her performance with a free exercise routine, which was so good that the jury of ballet experts said that she had remarkable grace and rhythm and musical ear. They gave her a resounding O.K.

Then the child had to face a medical jury, which made all sorts of measurements and tests on her and ended up with an estimate of what she would be like in 10 years. They finally ruled that, though she was unquestionably gifted, her neck would be too short for a variety ballet dancer. They strongly urged her to become a gymnast, predicting a brilliant career for her in that sport. The mother and the child weren't in the least disappointed by the turnaround; it would save heartbreak after 10 years of hard work and dreaming. They both immediately began thinking in gymnastic terms.

At the Leningrad Institute of Physical Culture in Leningrad, the Russians' top training school for coaches and physical educators, I had the pleasure of seeing the beautiful Larisa Latynina, the gymnastics gold medalist at the last two Olympics. Though she was working on the uneven bars, one of the most spectacular events in women's gym competition, she wasn't at what might be considered optimum physical condition. Her lovely chassis was covered with bulbs, electrodes, ammeters and every other kind of measuring device; on her head she was wearing what looked like a football helmet, and

from it burst an explosion of wires. I was told that top-level technicians were trying to get a better understanding of what made her tick the way she did, so that future athletes could be more efficiently evaluated and more scientifically coached.

When I got to Finland and Sweden I was cheered to find that research in physical attainment and possibilities was by no means a Communist monopoly. The Finnish and Swedish biologists, for instance, are investigating the chromosomes of championship athletes to see if there is anything special about them. In Helsinki at the Institute of Industrial Hygiene, which was helped at the start by a grant from The Rockefeller Foundation, they were investigating fatigue, the use of drugs in athletics, diet and techniques for predetermining athletic careers—whether a youngster should go in for swimming, skiing or long-distance running, and so on. The Swedish scientists in Stockholm were also busy in these fields.

In both countries I saw a number of specialized 20th-century devices that had been further specialized for use in sport. There was a racing kayak with electric eyes to record the strength of paddle strokes on revolving drums, and the craft was kept on course by beamed radar. This electric-eye, rotating-drum gimmick could also be applied to racing shells; it would show, for instance, if a 180-pound birman were pulling only 160 pounds' worth. Another item that appealed to me was a walkie-talkie radio no bigger than a pea, which was used for giving directions to soccer players and slalom racers. (It should also appeal to Paul Brown of the Cleveland Browns football team.) In Helsinki I sat in the stands with Armas Valke, the Grand Old Man of Finnish track. Some of his distance runners were equipped with cathode-ray devices, which could communicate their heartbeats to Valke up in the stands. When a runner's heartbeats slowed down, Valke would wave a towel, and the runner would start to sprint. It was pretty spooky.

How much of American science is *ré* interested in physical attainment and its possibilities? I know that there have been many individual research projects, but have they been coordinated? Are the findings of the Space Administration's medical and biological specialists on the care and feeding of astronauts pertinent to the nation's physical condition? I'm not talking about the production of 70-foot shotputters and scatter softballers; I'm thinking of our whole society. For example, industrial fitness and fatigue are something that would benefit by such research. The Government could conduct it, or a large university could lead the way. We could do it here at Penn, for we have a wonderful medical school and eminent personnel in every branch of scientific knowledge.

Before signing off, I'd like to ask about camps. The Russians have athletic camps all over the country and send kids with sports talent to them from the age of 14 to 18. There they are supervised by first-rate coaches and "precoached" by competent medical personnel. I'm not suggesting anything that elaborate for us, but has there been any thought of fixing up the old CCC camps or abandoned Army posts to be used in that program of yours? Give a flabby kid of 11 or 12 two months of concentrated physical programs, and he can knock physical fitness tests over the center-field flagpole.

That's the kind of kid we wouldn't have to worry about any more. I know that's the kind of kid you'd like to see more of. In that spirit, Bud, I wish the very best to you and the program—and don't forget the fun.

As ever,
George Munger

Fast talk and a slow fight

A brash young Olympic champion gets his eighth straight professional victory, but shows little flair and less power



CASSIUS CLAY'S LOW RIGHT MAKES ALONZO JOHNSON RETREAT

Cassius Marcellus Clay Jr., the 19-year-old Louisville fighter who won a gold medal in last summer's Olympics, is, by his own reckoning at least, just marking time until he disassociates Floyd Patterson from the heavyweight championship of the world. But by the reckoning of the syndicate of millionaires which is managing him, Cassius is going through a training program designed to teach him his business while keeping his record as unblemished as his youthful features. Last week in his home town he fought his most formidable opponent yet, Alonzo Johnson, and though he won the decision after a drab 10 rounds—his eighth straight professional victory—confident Cassius got a glimpse of how much he has to learn.

"I have got me a secret weapon," said Johnson, 26, whose birthplace is Mississippi, whose home is Pittsburgh and whose career is over the hill. He said it starkly and without drama—Alonzo Johnson is no man for sly reflections and cunning winks—the day he arrived in Louisville. And with that he went off into hiding with his secret, sharing it only with Bob Baker, a retired heavyweight-turned-trainer, and Mike Blazzone, the manager who gives the impression that his poise with Alonzo Johnson is running out.

"Well, ain't that something!" said the irrepressible, impish, cocksure and sometimes utterly unbearable Cassius

when he heard the news of the hideaway workouts. "I think," Clay said, "that Johnson's secret weapon is something that will keep him from flying out of the ring when I hit him. But don't worry, I've got me secret weapons. One I call my left. One I call my right.

"Am I scared of getting beat by Johnson?" he inquired rhetorically. "Let me ask you this: If a man intends to buy a Lincoln Continental next month, does he worry about the cost of a Ford to get him around in the meantime? Floyd Patterson is the Lincoln and Johnson is the Ford that will help me drive down to the showroom." With that he scheduled a postfight victory party.

Quotes and a Cadillac

Up from his Miami training grounds at the beginning of the week, Cassius characteristically treated the business at hand as a lark. Between the interruptions that daily roadwork and drills imposed he made television appearances ("I will systematically eliminate Alonzo Johnson," he told one audience). He granted repeated interviews to sportswriters ("I'm the best friend a reporter ever had because I always give good quotes, changing them around so everybody gets a fresh one"). And he took occasional arm-waving rides around town in the triumphantly pink Cadillac he got last fall when he turned pro.

On the day of the fight, exercising

a new and fast friendship he has recently made with money, Cassius strode out of the Sheraton Hotel, returned with a \$110 pair of binoculars (he used them later that night to pick his mother out of the fight crowd) and a \$95 book-sized transistor radio-phonograph (he used it immediately to astonish friends lounging in his eighth-floor hotel room). "My only comfort," said Angelo Dundee, Clay's trainer, "is that I have him here under my nose." Even so, Dundee looked disgusted. He also looked helpless.

One floor below, meanwhile, Alonzo Johnson had put his sad and battered head upon a pillow and gone to sleep. With 25 pro fights behind him and only two wins in the last night, not even the prospect of being on national television could excite him.

Next door, relaxed and recumbent upon another bed, Trainer Baker assessed Cassius Clay. "Let him talk, let him talk, Clay still looks like an amateur, still is an amateur," said Baker. "Alonzo has been ranked sixth in the heavyweight division. He's got nothing to worry about. Clay sparred with Alonzo down in Florida this spring and he's got the idea he had Alonzo going. Well, the truth is, Alonzo was toying with him, didn't want to hurt the kid, you know. Oh, they say Clay is great, but I don't see it that way."

Back upstairs, Cassius Clay claimed there was no other way to see it. "I got

to win tonight," he said, while a friend dabbed white polish on his shoes. "I talk too much to lose."

If Johnson had in fact been toying with Cassius last spring during that sparring session, he had no intention of showing consideration for Clay's youth and unproven talent now. Handicapped by a shorter build and reach, it was Johnson's plan and his only secret to press hard upon Clay, to concentrate his punches in the midsection and sides and to build up points. "We don't intend to box fancy," Baker had said. "We intend to fight, period."

But as the fight began before a crowd of 5,000, Clay showed Johnson he was as fast with his hands as he was with his tongue. Johnson, his face stamped with a resolute grimace that did not vary for 30 rounds, stalked Clay, trying to pick off his left jab and repeatedly forgetting the flicking right hand that Clay frequently used for his lead. Only during the few times Johnson could back Clay against the ropes was his body attack effective, and Cassius, though fighting with caution and without notable vigor or enthusiasm, continued to build points with his jabs.

The little excitement the fight had was compressed into the 10th round when a tiring Clay (this was his second 10-round fight) apparently caught his second wind, reducing Johnson to a sagging heap against him. The upshot was a unanimous decision for Clay.

Cassius was not hurt by Johnson, he said later, but he was troubled at times that he was doing so poorly against the attacking Alonzo. He had openings to spare, but not the technique to take advantage of them. The crowd shared his disappointments. "Take away his pink Cadillac," someone roared.

For a praefight it didn't amount to much, but for the work of a 19-year-old barely out of the amateur ranks against an older, wiser man it could have been far worse. "He don't have it," Alonzo said of Clay, an admittedly curious remark for a beaten man lying supine on a rubdown table with an ice bag over a closing left eye.

But if Alonzo is even partly right, Cassius better get it quick. No sooner was the Louisville fight over than a matchmaker was talking to Dundee about a September fight for Clay against Alex Miroff, whose background includes fights against top heavyweights. Dundee didn't look overjoyed. "Yeah, man, bring him on," said Cassius Clay. **END**

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Horse of the year—again

Turning on his astonishing power, Kelso ran away with the last race in the handicap series

Kelso proved himself one of the finest Thoroughbreds in American racing at Aqueduct last Saturday when he captured the third leg in the triple crown of New York handicaps, the Brooklyn, very impressively. His time, 2:01 3/5, was two-fifths of a second off the track record for the mile and a quarter. He had to cross a picket line as well as the finish line to do it, when stable employees went out on strike, and he also had to carry 136 pounds. Tom Fool, in 1953, was the last horse to carry 136 successfully in the Brooklyn and to win that race as well as the Metropolitan and Suburban.

The only other horse to win all three races, Whisk Broom II, did it in 1913, carrying 130 pounds in the Brooklyn. (A horse called The Picket won the Brooklyn in 1904, but there was no strike at the track, where it was held that year.)

Eddie Arcaro, who has ridden Kelso in the last 10 of his 11 straight victories, gave him a brilliant ride, belying recent suggestions that the Old Master was losing his grip. Kelso appeared somewhat skittish on the way to the paddock and tried to sit down in the starting gate. Arcaro, nevertheless, got him off fourth and kept him no worse than third until the last eighth of a mile. At one point in the backstretch, though third, he was 16 lengths behind the front-running Divine Comedy. In that last eighth of a mile, Kelso's magnificent long stride disposed of Divine Comedy and the on-

coming Yorky by a length and a quarter.

Afterward in the jockey room somebody asked Arcaro, "You were really beating that horse, Eddie, weren't you?" "I tripped his ramp," Arcaro replied and added that he didn't begin whipping until the head of the stretch. "It wasn't going to chase that front one. If he was going to win it that way there was nothing I could do about it." In the winner's circle Kelso was a very tired horse. His owner, Mrs. Richard C. duPont, and his trainer, Carl Hanford, deserve a lot of credit for refusing to overrace their prize, and it is doubtful whether Kelso will run in the Mas o' War on the turf next Saturday.

Kelso has not been defeated since July 23, 1960 when he ran eighth to T.V. Lark in the Arlington Classic in Chicago. Since then this 4-year-old gelding (by Your Host Maid of Flight, by Count Fleet) has won the Choice, the Jerome, the Discovery, the Lawrence Realization, the Hawthorne Gold Cup, the Jockey Club Gold Cup, the Metropolitan, the Whitney, the Suburban and the Brooklyn and has earned \$559,745 in his 16 starts.

As he ambles around the walking ring, Kelso hardly reveals the immense strength he possesses. Though sleek and long, he is not an exceptionally big horse like Man o' War or a muscular picture horse like his grandsire, Count Fleet. But when he is in full flight in the stretch his power is astonishing, and in the last yards of a race there is nothing running today that can equal him in courage. These qualities are so well recognized by many fans that they have sent him off at almost prohibitive odds in his last nine starts.

Kelso was chosen Horse of the Year in 1960, and it is almost certain he will win that honor again this year. Jockey Bill Boland, who finished ninth in the 10-horse Brooklyn field on King Ranch's Maniboretta, shook his head slowly after the race and said of Kelso, "That's the greatest horse I've ever seen." There are many who agree with him.

BBB



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CHARLES GOREN / Cards

The case for apartness

Since I am a lifelong bachelor, let me make it plain that this is not a commentary on what matrimony does for or to a bridge partnership. It is merely a chronicle of what happened at a recent mixed pair championship. As the name suggests, entry in such events is restricted to pairs composed of one male and one female. Since this same requirement governs issuance of a marriage license, it is not surprising that about half the mixed pair entries are husband-and-wife duos; as often as not, victory goes to such a pair.

In the Eastern States Championships, however, some kind of record was set when the mixed pair title was taken, not by a married pair or an unmarried pair, but by a de-married pair, the charming Edith Kemp and her former husband, Erwin Seligman. Here is a deal in which their mutual trust contributed substantially to success.

*Both styles vulnerable
North dealer*

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2	♠ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♥ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♦ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 ♣ 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2
NORTH (Chicagoan)	EAST	SOUTH (Mrs. Kemp)	WEST
PASS	PASS	1♠	PASS
1♥	PASS	1♥	PASS
2♠	2♠	2♠	PASS
3♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: King of diamonds

The victory of this team was no overwhelming surprise, by the way. Mrs. Kemp has long been recognized as one of the country's top performers among women bridge players. Seligman, though lately absent from the tournament scene, was a familiar competitor in early contract-bridge tournaments. Yet the fact is, that though they played together frequently in former years, they were never a championship-winning pair while married to one another.

This time it was different. In the deal shown here they managed to get to the only makeable game on a combined seven-card trump suit, choosing that unusual contract deliberately.

The first two bids by each of the partners require little explanation. Mrs. Kemp bid her long club suit first; Seligman showed his biddable heart suit; Mrs. Kemp then showed her shorter but powerful spade suit and Seligman naturally returned to clubs, the suit for which he had better support. Then came East's belated entry into the auction with a powerful diamond suit. This provided Mrs. Kemp with the opportunity for a brilliant bid. She wanted to be sure of getting to game, but she wasn't certain where. If her partner held a diamond stopper, the best North-South contract would almost certainly be three no trump. So, in spite of two losing diamonds in her hand, she cue-bid the opponents' suit.

It was obvious to her partner that this bid could not be showing strength in diamonds, for if South had a diamond stopper in her own hand she would surely have bid no trump herself. Hence, the "asking" character of the diamond bid was apparent. Not having a diamond stopper, North showed the next important feature of his own hand, three-card spade support. That bid, when viewed in terms of his earlier bids, gave a strong indication of North's complete distribution. Concluding that there were only two diamonds in North's hand, South saw that her own trump length could not be shortened by a third diamond lead, so she bid four spades.

When dummy was put down, it showed exactly what North had promised. After winning two diamond tricks, the defenders could not make the South hand ruff by continuing the suit. Consequently, declarer lost only two diamonds and one heart trick, making four spades. These same losses, however, would have defeated a five-club contract.

EXTRA TRICK

A combined seven-card trump suit will frequently offer a satisfactory vehicle to game, especially when the partnership's weak suit can be ruffed by the short-trump hand.

END



"EVER FORGOTTEN TO PACK YOUR HUSBAND?"

"I do, frequently. You see, I plan the itinerary, make the reservations, pack and load the car. At the last moment, Frank (he's mine) dashes up and announces that we'll have to postpone the trip. Seems he's too busy selling the low-cost INA-Champion 'package' Auto Policy for careful drivers.

"It also seems that the Insurance Company of North America has extended this 'package' idea—all kinds of

coverage in one policy at reduced cost—into the life, health, homeowners and business fields. I should know!

"If your husband is an insurance agent or broker who knows about INA 'package' policies, don't plan trips. Take up ceramics, or something. If he's in some other line, tell him to look into the savings and coverage of the INA-Champion Auto Policy. Everything my Frank says about streamlined insurance programs must be true!"

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Drinks that sparkle on a summer afternoon

There is no thirst so reliable as that provoked by exercise under the summer sun. It comes without fail to golfers on the fairway and to every tennis man who has seen honest action at the baseline. But quenching the postgame thirst is one of those casual summer pleasures that deserves more consideration than it usually gets. The conventional drinks—tea, cold beer, gin and tonic, the Collins family and, of course, the whiskey highball—have served well for so long that it rarely occurs to sportsmen that there are many other cool and mildly stimulating potions equally good

for washing away the fatigue that follows exercise on a sunny afternoon.

The sportsman, for instance, who occasionally forgoes the traditional drinks and tries champagne instead does both himself and the wine a favor. Champagne has long suffered as the ritual drink at weddings and big dinners, where its message is often wasted on guests who have already had a stiffer filling of highballs and cocktails. When served as the first drink of the day, under the trees beside a tennis court, champagne has a chance to speak freely for itself.

Often it takes a quantity of liquid to put out the fire. In such cases, it is better to stay away from the potency of straight wine in favor of taller drinks that combine soda water with a light alcoholic base. One of the simplest and briskest of these is the *Spizzer*, which uses as a base the slightly sparkling wines of Germany and Switzerland (any light, dry white wine will do). A new *aperitif* from eastern France with an Italian name, *Positano*, also goes well with soda, and so does the sweet Italian vermouth *Past e Mes* (in mixing this one, the soda and ice should go into the glass first). A slightly more complex and stronger-flavored tall drink is the *americano*, a light red refresher combining the Italian *aperitif* *Butter Campari* (rose jigger) with an equal amount of a sweet Italian vermouth (Martini & Rossi, Cinzano and Carpano are excellent choices), mixed with soda and ice and garnished with a slice of lemon or orange.

Scotch, bourbon and rum and Coke will always be favored as long, tall, strong drinks—but there is crime *de mente* and water, too, cool and minty and unusual. And Pernod, that greenish-yellow French *aperitif* that dissolves into a cloudy, clinking highball when ice and water are added. Some hardy, hidebound sportsmen claim that Pernod tastes like medicine and is fit only for abstinence-sipping fops. The same sort of charges were lodged against gin and tonic some years back—and today the world is awash in the stuff.



PLAIN AND FANCY offerings for quenching thirst in the early afternoon range from iced tea with rum (left) to champagne (right). Splits of dry champagne give taste and sparkle as well as energy to postgame gatherings. Add rum, a jigger or a pony, to iced tea as you prefer.

CONTINUED





THE AMERICAN was invented in 1896 by Italians as a hospitable gesture toward American tourists who favored tall mixed drinks. A tart drink combining Bitter Campari and sweet Italian vermouth in equal portions, it is a fine pick-me-up after exercise as well as a stimulating aperitif.

TWO FROM FRANCE. *crème de menthe* and *Perrier* (taken against a backdrop of the Gracie Towers pool in New York) make excellent refreshers. Diluted with ice water, *Perrier* is deceptively mild and milky. It has a licorice flavor. *Crème de menthe* is surprisingly cool and light.



Illustration by Philip Neri

RENDEZVOUS WITH AN UNKNOWN FIELD

The minute-by-minute story of a pilot-father's hour of crisis in the sky.

*With his son and a friend as passengers, he finds himself
trapped by weather and realizes he must come down—somewhere*

by PERCY KNAUTH



The field was a very ordinary-looking one—ragged, tufted with bushes and thin sapling trees; unvarned, unattended, obviously abandoned. I probably had seen it many times before, on earlier flights in my student-pilot days when I was doing short cross-country runs from Teeterboro airport in New Jersey past the Kensico Reservoir to Bridgeport and Danbury in Connecticut or to the Westchester County airport near White Plains, N.Y. On such trips I played a useful little game: flying along, I would study the ground below, trying to pick out places where, in the unlikely event of an engine failure or other emergency, I might safely land. It helped to pass the time, and it kept me on my toes

and always well aware of where I was.

This field, however, even had I consciously seen it, would scarcely have attracted further study. It had no character; it hardly stood out from the surrounding landscape of woods, meadows and low hills. Roughly rectangular in shape, it was bordered along its eastern edge by a line of spreading maples and a low stone wall, which separated it from a small road. The western edge trailed off into thick scrub and brush. From the north, a wooded hillside sloped down toward it; to the south, it faded into nothingness—a ramble-down barn lay there, some bits of rusty junk, a clump of sorrel growing wildly in a hollow. And on the field itself the grass looked

scruffy from the air, with speeding brown patches eating away at its sparse green.

I never would have picked it, I am sure.

It is 8 o'clock of a beautiful, early-summer day. We are at the airport in Allentown, Pa.—my son Peter, whom I picked up from his Ohio college yesterday, his friend Jay, who is going home to Long Island, and I, three travelers in Tri-Pacer N-3212-Z for Zebra, a trim red-and-white ship that is waiting for us on the apron outside. The sun, already well up, promises a day of warmth and some humidity, but right now it is clear and fresh and cool, with only a thin

continued

"Peter is staring out into the haze-lung heavens, fascinated. He does not know, nor does his friend, strung there so trustingly behind me; the trap is shut, I am caught here, 1,300 feet above the reservoir, with no place where I can go. . ."



gauze of high cirrus clouds 10,000 feet or more above. I have already checked the weather ahead. New York seems O.K.—Idleside reports scattered clouds at 10,000 feet and visibility of 10 miles; La Guardia 5,000 scattered, visibility five miles with haze and smoke; and Teterboro, down on its industrial plain, 5,000 scattered and three miles with haze and smoke. We decide to make for Flushing, a neat, small field in the loam of mighty La Guardia and handy to the subway and home.

By 9 o'clock we are ready. We climb in and settle down, I start the engine, turn to face the control tower, turn on the radio and call ground control, which regulates the traffic on the taxiways, on the standard frequency of 121.9.

No answer.

Funny, I think—I've had no trouble on that frequency before. But ground control is tricky; often there are dead spots in the short distance between plane and tower, sometimes just depending on which way the plane is turned. I taxi a bit farther out and try again: "Allentown ground control, this is Tri-Pacer 321-Zebra, visitors' ramp, ready to taxi. Over."

A four-engined DC-6 Mainliner rumbles past, its engines belching loudly in the quiet morning air. My radio, tune it as I may, is silent. But now I see a green light flashing at me from the tower window. Ah! They have heard me; I am cleared to taxi to the runway. We swing around behind the huge four-engined job and follow it along, feeling very much like a dingly obediently trailing the Queen Mary. At the head of the runway we both turn into the wind to run our engines up for a final check of instruments and magnetos.

Right behind us is another airliner, a Martin 202. The roar of his two big engines drowns us out completely as he revs them. Peter and Jay stare out in awe. The DC-6 ahead of us is ready; under full throttle now, he rolls, lifts, climbs and disappears. It is our turn; I switch to tower frequency and call: "One-two-Zebra, ready for take-off."

No sound comes from my radio; no reply.

"Oh, for Pete's sake!" I think. "Not

now! Not with all those passengers waiting in that monstrosity there behind me!" I switch quickly back to another frequency and try again. No answer. The two big engines behind me rev impatiently—the giant is clearing his throat, telling the pipsqueak to get the hell going. Sweating slightly, I call again: "Allentown tower, 12-Zebra, ready for take-off. If you are reading me, please give me a green. . . ."

Thank God, there it is! The tiny, bright green eye winks reassuringly at me from the window half a mile away. Just to make sure, I swing around quickly and scan the skies for any approaching planes; there are none. The runway comes around again as we complete the turn; without further ado, I shove the throttle all the way forward, the engine answers with a ringing peal of undisguised relief and we are off at last.

As we square away on our course for home, I try the radio once more, tuning to the Allentown tower frequency. With perfect clarity I hear the last words of their farewell exchange with the Martin 202, now climbing out behind us—a report of the weather at its destination. Well, it must have been some sort of ground effect after all.

After the trackless West Virginia hills of yesterday, the road home seems like a thoroughway in the sky. I have omnidirectional radio beacons ahead of me, behind me and so either side. I tune in on an outboard leg of the East Texas range just behind us; the musical beeps and blips sound comforting in our little cabin. Everything is hunky-dory; my check points on the ground roll up right on time—Eaton on the Delaware, then Hampton to our left, the river and the railroad track near High Bridge and the first of the low hills that we must cross before we come out on the Newark plain.

Over these hills we meet the first of the predicted scattered clouds. Only they are not at 5,000, or even at 3,000; they are right on our level, and we are flying at 2,500. I dodge a big one in the first line, ducking to the left, then back again. The next line seems a bit thicker, and I trim

the airplane for a slow descent to 2,000. The haze, too, is thickening—where before we could see 15 or more miles ahead, now we can see less than 10. But this is as expected; the sky above is still clear blue, the sun shines brightly and, with our engine humming sweetly, we fly happily on.

The houses below are clumping together now; almost imperceptibly, villages and hamlets are merging into suburbs and towns. Ahead and slightly to the right, the broad plain of Newark opens up, a mighty stage set rolling into view. But there, where smoke from a thousand factories hangs over the marshes, it is ominously dark and gray, like an undimmed twilight. But we're not going there today anyway. I swing a few degrees to the left, where the haze is light and bright in the warm sun. We can hit the Hudson slightly higher up the line and avoid the mess down there.

Morristown comes up, a nice, inviting field, and I point it out to Peter, sitting beside me. "Remember it," I say. "Just in case." He nods. It's always wise to have some place to go back to in case of need, and Morristown was good to me once when I got caught in an unexpected flurry of snow.

The marching lines of scattered clouds are closer together now, and thicker still. They are also, I note with some trepidation, lower—we are at 2,000 feet and I am dodging occasionally to avoid brushing their smoldering bottoms. But the visibility is still good, five miles or more. Below us the suburbs have merged into a continuous carpet of small houses, a crawling, multicolored conglomeration of life feeding into the great city which casts a shadow to the east. A two-lane parkway appears, snaky with black lines of cars, then a great cloverleaf crossroads. We are coming up on Paterson, north of our original course but right where I want to be now. I relax a bit and steer ahead.

There the sky is condensing to a bright, milky white, with blue above. Light though it is, there is something vaguely sinister about it, like a too-bright smile. By comparison with that dark smog to the right it is inviting—but



"The Hudson glowers when I follow it. . . . But as I turn down it, I see that to the southward it is veiled in thick, gray haze. . . ."

inviting to what? I have heard of novice pilots like myself who flew on into slowly thickening haze and found themselves, all at once and without warning, flying in a cloud. . . .

We are on a line with Teterboro now. Teterboro, my home field. Teterboro had 5,000 feet and three miles' visibility—make it 2,000 and three now; that's still good. I know exactly where the field is from here. Perhaps it would be better if. . . . On a sudden impulse, I tune the receiver to 119.5, the Teterboro tower frequency, switch the transmitter to 122.5 and call.

"Teterboro tower." My voice seems muffled by the haze and the marching clouds. "Teterboro tower, this is Tri-Pacer 3212-Zebra. Over."

Silence.

I twist the little crank on the receiver, tuning back and forth over the 119.5 frequency on which they should reply. Suddenly a voice breaks in loudly: "Pan American so-and-so [I don't quite catch the figures] cleared for take-off runway. . . ." There follow, in rapid sequence, runway number, wind, altimeter setting and a clearance to St. Louis or some place far away.

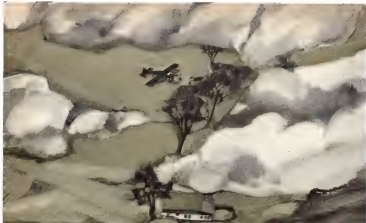
What the hell. That couldn't be Teterboro. Pan American doesn't fly out of there. It must be Idlewild on 119.1. I call again, asking Teterboro for a long count, from one to 10 and back again, so that I can tune in on them precisely; then I listen, tuning anxiously back and forth over the dial.

Nothing. Silence. I call again, on another frequency. No reply.

And 12-Zebra drones along, into the slowly thickening haze.

I sit and think for a moment. I am worried about trying for Teterboro without being able to talk to them on the radio. Conditions are certainly good enough for a landing, but what about an airplane, my airplane, blundering in there, appearing suddenly and unannounced in what may be a busy traffic pattern? I don't like that thought. I decide, for the moment, to fly on to the Hudson, then fly down along it to the George Washington Bridge, turning there to come in on the field from the east. That way, the wind being south-

continued



"This field, this barren piece of abandoned land, grows green and beautiful beyond description in my eyes. . . . It is heaven, it is home!"

RENDEZVOUS *continued*

west (as I can tell from smoking chimneys on the ground). I can arrive in proper fashion on the downwind leg of the traffic pattern and, keeping a sharp lookout, get close enough to blink my landing lights at the control tower in lieu of a radio contact.

But the Hudson offers no help. It comes up right on schedule, and it gleams silvery below us, a tug and barge etched sharply on its slightly crinkled surface. As I turn down it, however, I see that to the southward it is veiled in thick, gray haze. I try it for a bit, cautiously, but I can't even see the bridge at three miles.

I turn and fly upriver once more. The haze is brighter still, and more opaque, but at least I have five miles' visibility here. And across the river, to the east, is Westchester County airport, well clear of all the city's traffic, a place that I know well. I turn toward it and leave the Hudson behind.

As we fly, I look up the Westchester

tower frequency. Here it is: 118.5. I tune the receiver with utmost care. It must not fail me when I need it this time.

The New York Thruway flows by below, then the Saw Mill River Parkway, a town, a golf course. I know them all, and I turn slightly northward. I want to find the Kensico Reservoir: Westchester is just beyond its southeastern end. I must be about five miles out now. I pick up the microphone and call: "Westchester tower, Tri-Pacer 3212-Zebra. Over."

Silence. We fly on.

There is no time to feel around now. I switch the transmitter to 121.5, the emergency frequency: "Westchester tower, this is Tri-Pacer 3212-Zebra, coming up on the reservoir from the west. I am having trouble making radio contact. Will you give me a long count, please. Over."

I twist the handle slowly, carefully. I cannot hear them. *I cannot hear them!* I turn the volume up to full loud. Silence. We fly on.

Could I have the frequency wrong on my receiver? I look it up again. It is

118.5. I tune, and get a blast of noise that stops as suddenly as it began. I call again: "Westchester tower, Tri-Pacer 3212-Zebra listening on 118.5. Would you give me a long count, please."

Nothing. Silence. We fly on. The doors are slowly closing on me; for the moment I don't know what to do.

Then, like the open door to home, a carpet of serenity beckoning below, the reservoir slides into view.

This place I know like my own backyard. I grew up near here. There, where the aerating plant sends its dozens upon dozens of plumed sprays into the cleansing air, we used to picnic when I was a child. The Thousand Fountains we used to call the place, and it has always remained one of my most vivid childhood images. I could follow the roads from here to the airport. My relief is so great that it very nearly brings tears to my eyes. And I raise them, and I look ahead, and my heart grows cold as stone.

Haze curtains the hills on the far side of the reservoir, a haze no longer milky now, but gray. It hangs on those wooded crests, right to the treetops, and there are clouds above. The road ahead of me is closed, irrevocably.

I put the Tri-Pacer into a steep left turn, and now I see what I have so often heard about and feared. It is the classic situation: behind me, the soft gates of haze and cloud have swung to. The trip is shut; I am caught here, 1,500 feet above the reservoir, with no place to go.

I steal a glance at Peter beside me. He is staring out into the haze-hung heavens, fascinated. He does not know, nor does his friend sitting there so trustingly behind me. The knowledge is mine alone. I am the pilot—for this I trained, for this I flew those many hours, learning, so that at this moment, alone with my knowledge, I would know what to do.

Fear is a quality that rides with the airman always, a familiar and expected companion. Fear enters the airplane gently, unobtrusively but positively as the pilot swings his ship onto the runway and, in the last instant before decisive action, looks down that long expanse whence he will lift into another world. Fear is there as he shows the throttle forward, heightening his senses, sharpening memory and reflexes as the aircraft, feeling the first slippery grip of wind upon its wings, strives toward its element. And fear relaxes as, airborne, the plane leaves the ground and climbs into the limitless sky. Fear is usually the pilot's friend, prodding him with little jabs of consciousness as he wings his often monotonous, sometimes agonizing way through the lonely skies. Fear alerts him, as he nears his destination, to the urgencies of coming safely back to earth again, reminding him of the alien qualities of this element which he has entered and which tolerates him for his skills alone. Fear is a friend; but it can turn in an instant from a friend into a mortal enemy, paralyzing will and action if the pilot lets it get the upper hand.

Such fear knows no reason, only a blind instinct for survival; and it is such fear that, very briefly, I feel now. I am circling familiar ground: I see it with an unnatural clarity, a brilliant focus—it is so near! It almost seems that if I just let go, just close my eyes, the nightmare will be over, I will be down. For just that briefest instant I am a child again: I want to be home. . . .

And in the same instant, reason and training reassert themselves. I think of the two aloft with me, one my own son, the other the son of parents who have trusted him to me. I can ride with fear; but I must conquer panic; I must hold on to reason.

We circle, and I fly and think and try to plan. And then, suddenly calm, I know what I must do. I must go down. With that, my fear relaxes, and utter concentration takes over.

Landing on an plane, my airplane anywhere, is a matter of orderly, almost mathematical procedure coupled with skills which, by unending repetition, become an instinct. It is a maneuver beautiful to contemplate and execute, a curve perfectly drawn which, at its end, merges imperceptibly with the ground at which it aims. It follows a well-defined, tried and tested pattern: a rectangle around the landing place; upwind to check the field, crosswind to check for wind drift, downwind to the so-called key position, from which the pilot knows that under all circumstances he can land the plane, then base leg and final approach. Properly flown, a properly functioning aircraft will glide right to the ground where, at the final instant, under the pilot's careful hands, it will lose its flying speed and touch down. It is a predictable process; only a shaky mind and shaky hands can confuse and throw the plane off its predetermined course, and I am going to make extremely sure that my mind and hands are steady now. I have wings and power and time—time to find a field, to plan my approach so that field, to think it out, search it out in every detail and finally put her down.

And so, calling on instinct and memory and all the ingenuity I can master,

I concentrate on the basic things: on keeping my plane aloft and finding a place to land.

The first thing that leaps into my field of vision is the Thousand Fountains. Here is a wide, grassy area on the banks of the reservoir. A pumping station blocks the northern end of it; then come the fountains themselves, shimmering in the weak sun that still shines through the haze on this small piece of earth that is now my personal world. Beyond them is a wide, clipped lawn, traversed by concrete roadways. One cuts across from east to west; the other, bordered by grass, runs almost straight toward a clump of pines at the far end, where it disappears toward the dam.

I study the area carefully. I could come in very low and touch down on that grassy border right beside the longer road. With full flaps and a full stall landing, I would come to earth at perhaps 55 miles per hour. If so cars were in sight, I might even land on the concrete. The run to the trees is short, but I just might make it.

I go through my landing checklist carefully. Mixtures is on full-rich, tanks are switched to fullest tank, carburetor heat is on. I reduce power, trim up, and 12-Zebra slows to 90 miles per hour. I put on first flaps and turn into my downwind leg.

Downwind! It hits me in the pit of the stomach. Which way is the wind, the vital wind?

Frantically, I study the ground below. I see no smoke, no telltale sign to tell me. I put an iron clamp on fear. How can I tell which way the wind is blowing?

The place I have picked faces south. All the way up, the wind has been from the southwest. It could hardly have changed here and now. And then I think of the water below. I study it carefully as we skim along, 800 feet above it. There is barely a crinkle on it. No wind is better than tailwind; if there is any wind, it must be southwest or south. I proceed according to plan.

I have a thought for my passengers

continued

then, I nudge Peter and point to the Thousand Fountains. "Down," I say. "I'm going down."

He stares back at me incomprehendingly. I fly on.

A mile beyond my landing point I turn on my base leg. This has to be good, now. I watch my air speed, that critical indicator of how I am flying. It shows 80 miles per hour as I turn. I drop the nose, put on a little power, watch it come up to 85. I crane my neck to the left to see how my turn will come out.

There they are: the pumping station, the fountain, the concrete road, the grassy border. We sink toward it slowly. We are coming in fine. It looks almost like a regular runway. My hand reaches for the flap handle to apply full flaps—then jumps back to the throttle. Full power! We roar upward again, into the hazy sky.

My runway is no runway. It is an embankment, sloping steeply down from the road, a trick of the eye from aloft, a mirage.

But now, as I circle again, I see the field.

I believe now, looking back on everything that happened, that it was inevitable that I should try the Thousand Fountains first. A pilot in extremis, looking for a place to land, will pick the one that has the most familiar aspects—and the most familiar one to me was something that looked like a runway. The Thousand Fountains did—the concrete road, the grassy strip that bordered it—and so I went for that. But I do not try again, even for the chance of landing on the roadway. For I have seen the field.

It lies there on its hilltop, long, rectangular, barren and wasted in appearance, with its balding spots of brown. But once I see it, it holds my eyes. It looks vaguely familiar, and suddenly I realize why: it is very like a field on Martha's Vineyard which, months before, my friend, instructor and wise alumnus beyond selling, Steve Gornie, pointed out to me as a likely place to land. We had even made a pass at it, with throttle closed, while Steve pointed out to me

how I could probably steer between the low shrubs that speckled it here and there and, at the worst, get away with a few dents and scratches.

There it lies, as though it were waiting for me.

I study it with utmost care. I circle it twice, perhaps 100 feet above it, looking for its every mark and flaw.

I will have to come in from the north, over the low hill. That is no problem; but it is narrowest at its northern end. The grass is mostly brown and sore, in hummocks, but there are no rocks that I can see. There is a clump of bushes; I can skim those, settling down just beyond. After this, there are only isolated saplings. I can avoid most of these, I think, and if I hit a couple, they are not big enough to do any damage, certainly not enough to throw the plane off course. And there is plenty of room, plenty of room beyond.

This field, as I study it—this barren piece of abandoned land becomes a Garden of Eden to me. It grows green and beautiful beyond description in my eyes, green with the promise of life. It is heaven, it is home. There we will land, and in this airplane I know that I can do it.

I skim it one more time, the last time. Flying upward, I check it end to end. I see the little houses across the road that borders it; there we will go after landing so knock on some door, to speak to people on the ground. Earth, earth! It never was so fair, so infinitely desirable.

I climb out past the lower boundary, turn and swing into my downwind leg. I motion to Peter. "That's where we're going"—and point to the field. "You mean we're going to land?" he asks, incredulous. "Yes," I reply. "We can get in there. Tighten your seat belt now. Tell Jay."

"Holy smoke!" is all he says. "What a half!"

Eight hundred feet above the reservoir we fly. This will have to be the most precise, the most careful landing I have ever made. We pass the northern boundary of the field and fly on. Well beyond it, I turn 12-Zebra onto our base leg, then onto final.

There it is. It is a field like any other,

but it is mine. I line it up and cut the power. The engine dies to a steady murmur; at 80 miles per hour I check the glide and hold unwaveringly for the line of trees.

Down we come. We are too high. Right rudder, left aileron—the Tri-Pacer obediently goes into a steep sideslip, losing height fast. Enough. Controls to neutral; back she comes to a straight glide. She is in firm control; 12-Zebra is flying like a soaring gull and my heart warms to her. The hill flashes past below. A little power now; the trees are close. Full flaps! She balloons, and sinks. The trees come up, then disappear. The ground rises steeply before my eyes. Back on the wheel now! Flare and float! A quick glance at the air speed—60 miles per hour and going down. Up comes the field before my eyes—familiar sight!—yet so unfamiliar, with its brown grass, its shrubs where no shrubs should be!

Back on the wheel! Hold her off, hold her off! Her speed is dying; she floats along. She skims the clumpy grass. She touches. She is down. A shrub flashes up at me, a shrub I cannot avoid. Grass flies, there is a whistling rattle as the spare branches strike the wing. Then we are rolling, rolling over the old and worm-eaten earth that cannot sustain life anymore but has received ours; rolling and rumbling and cutting grass but holding rocklike and steady on our tri-cycle gear.

We are down. We are safe beneath the sky. We are home.

I have an idiotic conviction that I must park the airplane. We could stop anywhere, but long training in the proper procedures still has me in its grip. And so we taxi, rumbling over the clumpy earth while the grass flies, down to the far end of the field. There I swing in, in approved fashion, lining 12-Zebra up square to the spreading maple trees, the stone wall, the road and the houses beyond. I cut the engine. The world is suddenly very still. I hear a dog bark, an automobile horn sound. It is a warm summer day in a field beside the reservoir, and we are down. **END**

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Dwight Gooden, Washington infielder, 1960, "Nobody denies the Yankees are a better club than we are. We've got to beat them with tricks." Then, with hardly a trick, Washington beat the Yankees in a double-header, using the time-honored combination of sharp pitching and solid hitting. Los Angeles, however, beat the Senators three times and climbed to eighth place in front of Minnesota, which split six games. In a game with the Indians, Bob Allison was forced out at second base and then hit on the head with the ball in Shortstop Mike De La Hoz relayed to first. Harmon Killebrew, who had been on second, saw the ball ricochet wildly and headed home. He barely made it, though, as the ball rolled right to John Romano, the Indians' catcher. Romano then threw to first to double up the batter, Hal Naranjo, who had taken a wide turn around the bag. New York had lost no more scoring, although Roger Moseley (.074 for the week) slumped. Mickey Maize (.407 and six homers) kept up his pace (see page 5) despite heavily taped legs. Boston lost twice to the Yankees and seven of nine games over-all, despite five home runs and 12 RBIs by Gary Geiger. Rocky Colavito of Detroit also hit five homers. In all, the Tigers hit 13 but lost three of six games by a total of four runs and dropped to second behind New York. Baltimore's Jim Gentile was another player to hit five homers. In the 10th inning of a game with Detroit, Gentile hit a foul off his foot. The home-plate umpire did not notice this

and ruled him out when the ball was thrown to first base. When the ball was inspected, however, a telltale smudge of black shoe polish was found. Gentile then hit a game-winning homer. Still, the Orioles dropped five of seven and were pushed out of third place by Cleveland. The Indians got complete-game wins from Barry Lutzman and Mookie Green and heavy hitting from Tim Lincecum (.389). Attendance, though, did not pick up (it is now 131,000 below 1960), and there was talk of moving to Oakland, Calif. next year. Manager Hank Bauer of Kansas City drove in the winning run in his final game as a player and snapped the Athletics' six-game losing streak. Still, Kansas City looked as if it belonged exactly where it was—in last place. Chicago played tighter ball, got good pitching from Frank Baumann, Juan Pizarro and Early Wynn and seemed ready to try for fourth place.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Philadelphia had its best week of the year, winning four of seven and giving every indication of reaching 30 victories someday soon. With good relief pitching by Jack Burkhardt (two wins, one save), timely hits by Lee Walls and fine all-round play by Tony Gonzalez, the Phillies took on a new look. Manager Gene Mauch almost forgot about his players' many injuries, but the Chicago Cubs and Cincinnati Reds could not forget theirs. Chicago had just seven healthy pitchers. This, coupled with the loss of Ernie Banks for eye treatment, was why the Cubs lost seven of eight. Cincinnati's in-



HEALTHY HITTERS were Indians' Woodie Held, Cards' Adrian Javier, both off the injury list. Held batted .348, Javier had 12 hits.

jury-weakened pitching staff gave up 55 runs in six straight losses. Worse yet were the Reds' nine errors and the fact that they made just two double plays. Things were so bad that Milwaukee stole five bases in one inning against the Reds. Even Joe Adcock stole twice, equalling his total for the past four years. Frank Thomas added to Cincinnati's distress with a weird ground-rule double when his drive went right through one of the glass letters on the clock atop the scoreboard. Over-all, the Braves won seven of eight, including two from Pittsburgh, which lost four of five. Erby Fay made the 40th relief appearance of his career, was hit hard but still led the league with a 2.51 ERA. Bill White of St. Louis was unable to sleep after getting eight hits in a double-header. The day following the sleepless night, and after only a 43-minute nap on the trainer's table, White got six more hits. His 14 hits in successive double-headers matched Ty Cobb's 1912 record. The Cardinals, who claim they are more relaxed under new manager Johnny Keane, won six of nine. Los Angeles, though, made a bigger gain, winning five of six and picking up five games on the league-leading Reds. San Francisco, with the aid of Jack Sanford's first complete-game victory in nine weeks and four homers in five days by Willie Mays, gained two and one-half games.

TEAM LEADERS: BATTING

NATIONAL LEADER					
	WHA		WHA		
Ch. Foster	138	Robinson	79	Robinson	343
L.A. Mays	128	2 with	50	Wynn	327
St. Maize	112	Gonzalez	81	Walt	327
Phil. Gonzalez	109	Clement	81	Clement	328
W.A. Allison	138	Alison	77	Alison	328
St. Rogers	130	Rogers	50	Rogers	328
Ch. Smith	106	2 with	54	Alison	329
Phil. Parsons	75	Wynn	41	Gonzalez	329

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY. Killebrew	122	Martin	88	Howard	328
Det. Carl	108	Carl	83	Carl	336
Ch. Gonzalez	109	Phillips	56	Phillips	332
Balt. Shortstop	107	Gentile	84	Shortstop	332
Ch. Allison	103	Smith	57	Shortstop	332
Det. Schilling	88	Vandusen	58	Shortstop	332
Walt. Taylor	85	Taylor	51	Shortstop	332
LA. Reed	80	Reed	46	Shortstop	332
W.A. Killebrew	85	Killebrew	75	Killebrew	332
St. Killebrew	78	Roberts	57	Killebrew	332

RUNS PRODUCED

NATIONAL LEADER	Runs Scored		Total Runs Produced	
	Runs Scored	Runs Produced	Runs Scored	Runs Produced
Robinson, Ch. (145)	36	52	129	
Walt. SF (121)	83	46	129	
Wynn, SF (121)	83	46	129	
Clement, SF (121)	57	52	129	
Rogers, SF (121)	70	38	108	
Gonzalez, SF (121)	56	46	108	
W.A. (121)	56	41	108	
Smith, Ch. (121)	51	55	108	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

W.A. (121)	87	69	126	
Wynn, SF (121)	81	49	126	
Carl, Det. (121)	77	51	126	
Clement, Det. (121)	76	50	126	
Carl, Det. (121)	74	50	126	
Killebrew, Det. (121)	61	48	126	
Wood, Det. (121)	60	35	126	

* Derived by subtracting NPBs from RBIs

TEAM LEADERS: PITCHING

NATIONAL LEADER	Strike		Complete Games	
	Strike	Complete Games	Strike	Complete Games
Ch. T. Taylor	75	8	8	8
LA. Mays	62	8	8	8
St. McCann	18	2	2	2
Phil. Frazier	27	2	2	2
St. Killebrew	75	8	8	8
St. 2 with	28	1	1	1
Ch. Mays	26	2	2	2
Phil. Mays	26	2	2	2

AMERICAN LEAGUE

NY. Ford	123	8	Sheldon	338
Det. Manning	72	12	Manning	338
Det. Smith	23	2	2	2
Balt. Shortstop	20	2	2	2
Ch. Killebrew	19	2	2	2
Det. 2 with	18	1	1	1
Walt. Mays	17	1	1	1
LA. Mays	17	1	1	1
W.A. 2 with	15	1	1	1
St. Mays	15	1	1	1

Based on statistics through Saturday, July 27

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

CHAMPION

Sir:

As a longtime fan of Sonny Liston, I thoroughly enjoyed your article (Can't a Fellow Make a Mistake? July 17). I did, however, notice a dearth of facts concerning Liston's commendable ring record, facts which might possibly help to offset his dubious record as a member of society.

BILL BARNER

Wynnton, Pa.

Sir:

In my opinion, Liston is guilty only of being born a Negro and consequently becoming a man of befuddled emotions in a country whose racial policy contradicts its shining armor of supposed equality regardless of race, color or creed.

EDWARD SAY

Parkus, Pa.

Sir:

Everybody deserves a second chance, but how many second chances are there?

FRANK CARROLL

Little Creek, Va.

Sir:

Champion of the underworld?

THOMAS HARDY

Fletcher, N.C.

CHALLENGER

How can one justify Patterson's fighting McNecley is beyond me (Sportsman, July 17). I can understand such a fight taking place in Boston, the home of many mismatches, but I am ashamed for you actually to condone it. I wonder what you will say if McNecley is seriously injured or if the fight turns out to be similar to the Tommy Collins massacre of some years back, also held in Boston.

Certainly, we all realize that the income tax situation is not conducive to fighting far higher losses more than once a year, but if you lose boxing at all, and if you would like to see the sport saved, you certainly can't be happy to see Patterson fighting Pete Rademacher, Ray Harrison, Brian London and Tom McNecley.

THOMAS E. PURDIE

Ogden, Utah

HOGN, LINE AND SPIT

Sir:

Elgin Champé would stick pies into children's balloons (*How and Why a Fish*

Striker, July 24). I wish you would inform him that every fisherman has a right to his own theories, without interference from some bloke who has to bring in facts. Send Elgin to the Penitentiary, where he can get lost among the other "tradition breakers," and leave in peace, verisimilitudinous spin-the-bait fishermen alone.

HAROLD P. GROVEN

Huntley, Minn.

EARLY GOLT

Sir:

The fellow who wrote the DiMaggio article (*The Longest Hitting Streak in History*, July 17) overlooked a rather pertinent and interesting sidelight. In 1935, while playing in the Pacific Coast League, John's Joe DiMaggio had, as I recall, a 44-game streak.

JAMES DUNLAP

Chicago

● It was 1933, and it was a 61-game streak.—ED.

POWER AND PREDICTION

Sir:

Congratulations on a superb job of predicting for the U.S.-Russia dual meet (*Power versus Perfection*, July 17). You missed only on the pole vault, when an unpredictable youngster came through.

ERNE OWEN

Redlands, Calif.

Sir:

Thank you for that beautiful cover photo of Valeri Brumel. I believe I'm in love with it.

ANNE SUFFALA

Audria, N.Y.

Sir:

Has U.S. Tennis Player Vic Seixas defected to Russian track and changed his name to Brumel?

C. C. DUNAY

New York City



NONIDENTICAL VIC SEIXAS AND BRUMEL

HEAVEN FORBID

Sir:

We are sorry our exhibitors at the Grosse Pointe Horse Show complained about the sun being in their eyes (*The Battle of the Arcorot*, July 10), but whenever we did the sun in charge of the sun, the rain and the heat (Hillman 2-1212) to make a point, all we got is a noise that sounds suspiciously like a horse laugh.

ALFRED R. GLANCY JR.

Grosse Pointe Shores, Mich.

REAL REDS

Sir:

It is about time someone admitted that "the Cincinnati Reds are the real thing" (July 17).

JONATHAN ROBINSON

Indiana, Pa.

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PAT ON THE BACK



GRADY ERICKSON

Blast in the snow

After a winter devoted mostly to kids and skiing, even the hardest down-Easter might be expected to seek out a quiet spot on a warm beach and relax for the summer. Instead, Grady Erickson, a public school teacher from Augusta, Me., fills a bus with a score of kids and heads west to the Cascade Range and some more skiing.

Besides helping his youngsters find snow to ski on, Erickson has another purpose behind his annual trek. He wants the kids to discover the U.S. "This

trip kind of opens their eyes to the greatness of the country," he says. "It's a real blast," said one of the 21 young discoverers who crossed the country with Erickson this year, spending his nights in sleeping bags, cooking on camp stoves and watching in mountain lakes.

"Next year," says Grady Erickson, "I hope we'll have two buses—one to serve as a chuck wagon and lavatory with real showers." Then he adds enthusiastically, "Some day I hope to have a whole flotilla of buses—all loaded with kid skiers."



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